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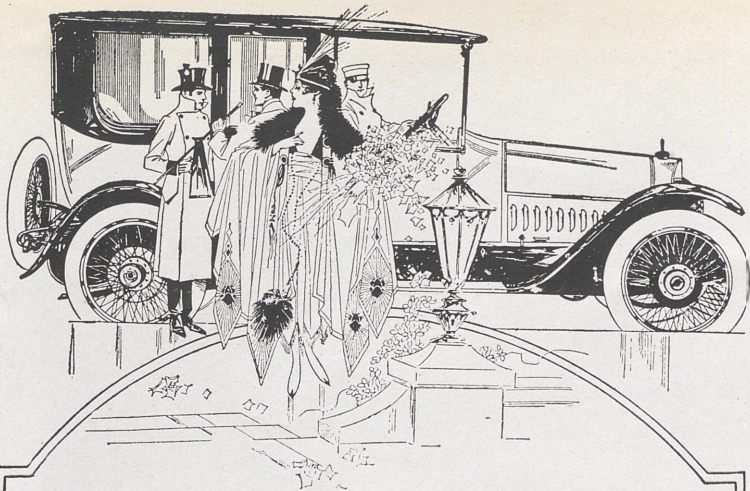
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The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CHARLES LAPWORTH, - - - - - Managing Editor

Vol. 51 SEPTEMBER 1, 1917 No. 8

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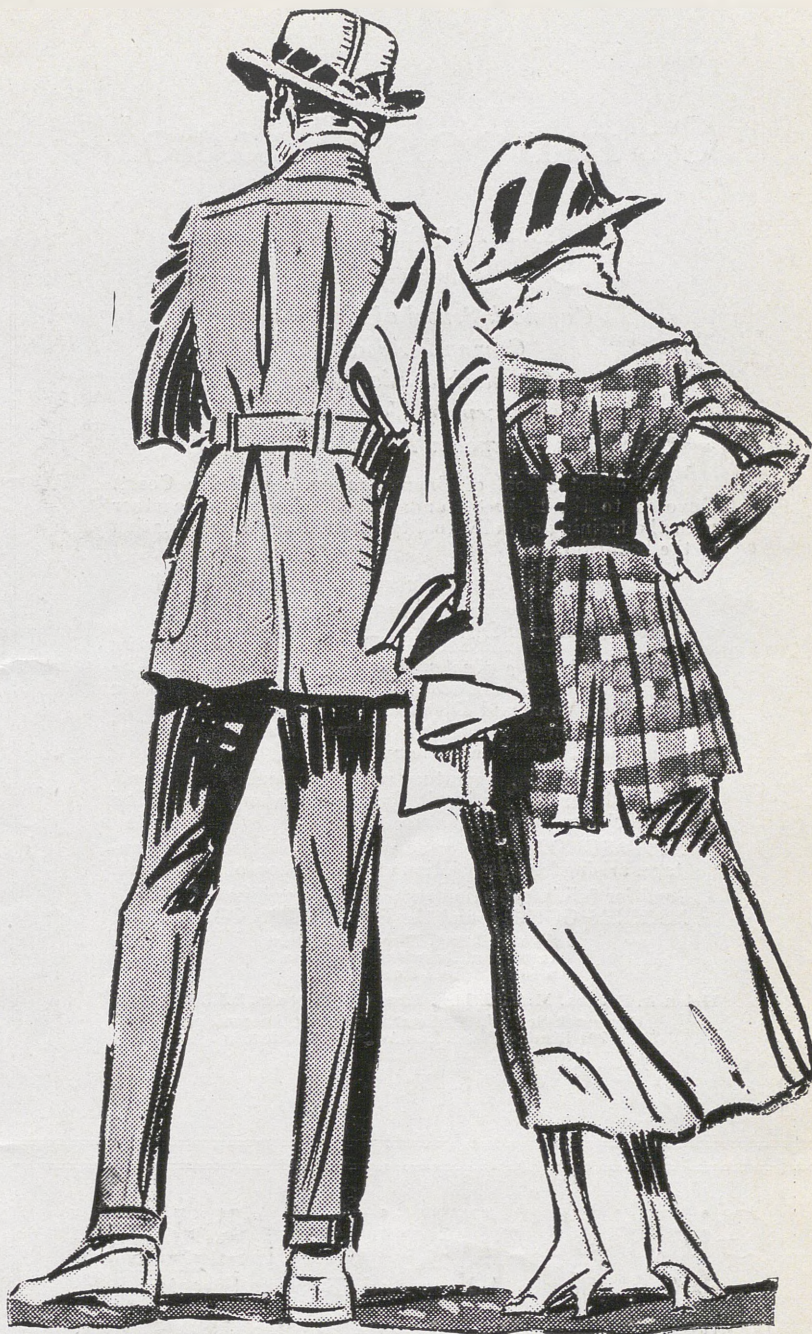
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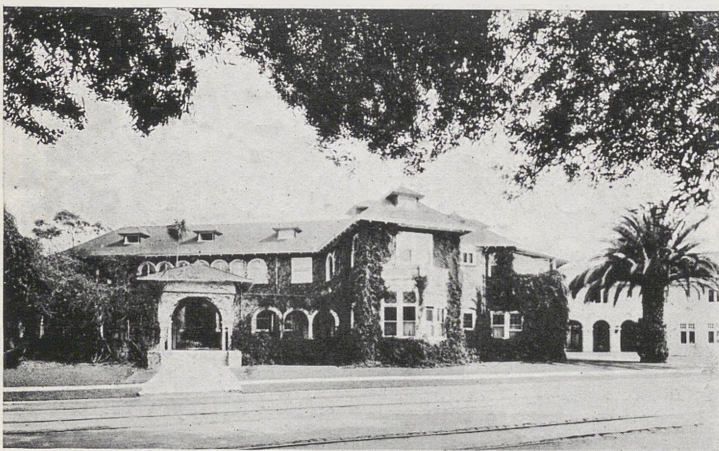
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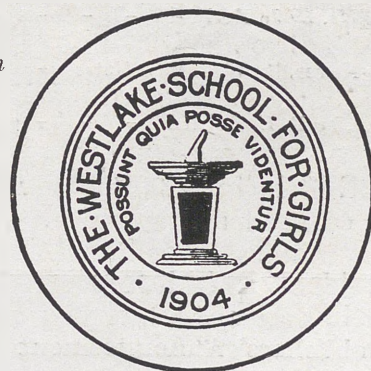
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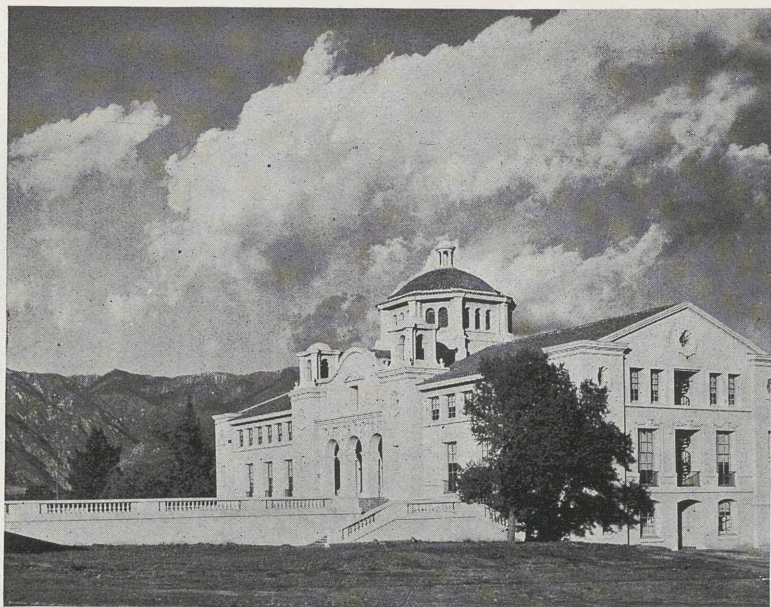
SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Hoover

MISS MARY DOCKWEILER

One of the attractive daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Isidore B. Dockweiler, of Los Angeles, who has substituted Red Cross activities for the usual pink teas and dances of a debutante's first season.



NOTES OF THE WEEK

PRESIDENT WILSON'S REPLY to the peace proposals made by Pope Benedict seems to have completely and satisfactorily expressed the temper of the people of the United States; for on all sides one hears nothing but praise and appreciation of what is undoubtedly a remarkable message. The President, for once in a way, appears to have left his critics nothing to cavil at. Neither Washington, nor the rest of the United States, for the first period of the war, appeared capable of clear thinking and expression, but out of the chaos of our woeful mental and military unpreparedness there appears at last to have come a well-defined idea of what we are driving at, as well as the wherewithal, in the shape of men and munitions, with which to do the driving.

THE CHANGE IN THE position of the United States relative to that of our Allies is also significant. In the first stages we were negligible as a military factor. We appeared to be of some importance, however, because we were able to supply the Allies with food and munitions, without which they might have perished; but as we were not fighting, and couldn't fight because we had no fighting machine, we were reckoned of small account by both sets of belligerents. Today, when there comes a proposition of peace that must be given attention, it is the President of the United States who is appointed by the Allied Powers to make reply. And there is nobody to deny that, however eloquent and well-reasoned the President's message, it would have received scant respect from the world generally if behind that written document there did not stand the mobilized manhood and wealth of the nation equipped for war.

IT WAS A TREMENDOUS responsibility that devolved on the President, to make answer to a peace proposal, with a war-weary world, almost exhausted after three most awful years of strife, waiting upon his words. There were many who, knowing the past history of Mr. Wilson as an ardent peace advocate, were almost confident that he could and would of his own volition bring about a cessation of hostilities. They are disappointed in his reply to the Pope, and yet they must see that the President had no alternative. "A vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government" "secretly planned to dominate the world," and proceeded to carry out that plan. That power now stands "balked but not defeated, the enemy

of four-fifths of the world." Mr. Wilson had obviously to speak on behalf of the French, the Belgians and Russians in whose country, ravaged and devastated, the enemy still stands. What could he say other than what he did? He evidently spoke on behalf of Great Britain, who have also made great sacrifices in thwarting the plans of the "vast military establishment." Could he very well make an acknowledgment that their sacrifices have been in vain? But he also spoke on behalf of the United States, and we believe that he interpreted the spirit of this country when he declared that: "We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure unless explicitly supported by conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves." That means plainly that there can be no dickering with the Prussian military autocracy. Even the American correspondents who were pro-German before the United States entered the war, on their return from Germany stated that President Wilson and the United States were not taken seriously by the Prussians. They affected to sneer at our Yankee army, and nicknamed Mr. Wilson "President Bluff." Present indications are that they have had a rude awakening on what American participation is likely to mean to them, and if the Pope is able to get over to the common German people the purport of the President's message it is probable that, although couched in unrelenting and uncompromising terms, that message may prove the most powerful weapon for peace.

HAVING REGARD TO THE effect of the President's pronouncement on the mind of the German people, perhaps the most significant part of it is that in which Mr. Wilson declares that "the intolerable wrongs done in this war by the furious and brutal power of the imperial German government ought to be repaired; but not at the expense of the sovereignty of any people." Speaking, as he must have been, in general terms for our Allies, he had not the power to commit them to any specific peace conditions; but he could, and undoubtedly did, speak for the United States when he tried to get through to the German people that there is no desire to "crush" them, or to discriminate against them in after-the-war trade if they themselves will give proper guarantees that their militarists will not be allowed again to plunge civilization into a world war.

THIS IS A SIGN that the United States are thinking for themselves. There has been so much loose talk on the other side of the water about crushing Germany out of existence that it has enabled the Kaiser to count on his people to the last ditch, so to speak, because if they were to be "crushed," either by military force or economic force after the war they obviously were likely to consider that they might as well die fighting. The President recognizes how foolish it is to talk about what we shall do after the war when the enemy is still undefeated, and, if we mistake not, his intimation that this nation has not yet subscribed to any after-the-war boycott, and is not likely to if the German people behave themselves, is going to prove that his reply to the Pope is a real message of peace.

ENVOY

This age of iron dry with rust has been bled
And dulls Euterpe's tresses burnished.
My heart has heart of laborer for sheath,
Unlike those hearts that in Greece flourished.
Why do I live? For Love of laurel wreath.

WILLIAM VAN WYCK

BY THE WAY

THE Chamber of Commerce and its spokesman L. D. Sale, just radiated importance and amiable hospitality on Saturday night when they held the public reception for General Sir William White, D. S. O. and his military staff, which included the very youthful Lieut. Tom White, the General's son, Colonel Murray, and Captain Shaw.

Mr. Sale always wears a rather shining aspect any way, but on this splendid occasion he seemed to positively dazzle. He declared his intention of selling the visitors a lot with such beaming insouciance that we can't imagine them having got away without one. He covered the visitors with the pleasant embarrassment of frank praise and called them noble heroes to their faces. And Willis Booth talked feelingly of hands across the sea, and Arthur Letts was responsible for numerous popular interruptions in the form of "Three cheers for the 'contemptible little army'". Willis Booth insisted upon referring to it as 'that miserable little army', the while the boy-lieutenant gazed at him anxiously and yearned to correct him with the more euphonious word 'contemptible'.

The General made a straight-forward, businesslike speech setting forth his mission to his countrymen in this country, but it was Colonel Murray, with his piquant Scottish accent, who was the orator of the party, and who played upon the emotions of the gathering, with his eloquence and dramatic appeal.

There was really not such a very large gathering, but they made up in loud and lusty enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. How these British can cheer! And when the band struck up "My country 'tis of thee", more than half of them were singing God Save the King with throaty fervency.

But it was afterwards that one appreciated the real duty of the commission, which was to shake hands affectionately with a never-ending line of patriots, male and female. One observed that the young lieutenant stationed himself ahead of father and bore the brunt of the first fearful grips, that a tired papa might receive a diluted edition of the only kind of demonstrative expression the Britisher allows himself. If they have endured that affectionately patriotic trial in every city, it must have proved as arduous as any day in the trenches.

Captain Shaw is going to remain behind as head of the British recruiting officers here, and will be aided by the two young Canadian officers who started the work six weeks ago and have already sent three hundred men off from this city. Major Matier and Sergeant Dunlap were quite overlooked in the attentions paid the visitors, but in a quiet way they had long since started the good work which the regal military party was here to organize. No complimentary speeches were showered upon their modest heads, but your average modern soldier seems quite ready to do his duty and leave it at that.

A HERO OF GALLIPOLI

HE LOOKS a mere boy of twenty-five, this curly brown-headed young Australian officer, Captain Knyvett, who, in an unconventional conversational manner, has been wringing tears and laughter from us with his stories of the fearsome Gallipoli campaign. It is incredible that he should be thirty-two as he says he is, and have gone through two years of pent-up tragedy with that valiant band of Anzac heroes who undertook the impossible on that peninsula in those dread days of vain courage. But there isn't any mistake about his having been there. When he spoke before the British Red Cross on Thursday and recited in his boyish, simple way, some of the horrors and misery, much of the pitiful comedy that took place, he had his audience laughing and crying with him, and men brushing away furtive tears.

He boasts no studied rhetoric, he speaks with a strong Australian accent,

his sentences in cold type would have no literary merit whatever, yet so far we have had no speaker on the war who could so arouse our dormant emotions, so poignantly bring home to us what our heroes have endured, are enduring. Even Captain Ian Hay Beith, who aroused such a storm of enthusiasm, did not move us as this soldier can. And he is going back—this time to the French trenches. He went home an invalid but declines to stay an invalid. Knowing full well every seam on the reverse side of the coat of glory, he is going back.

A WAR PROFESSOR

OF LATE the name of Professor Macneile Dixon, of Glasgow University, has been a good deal before the public on this side of the water, in connection with literature bearing on the war. For over twelve years he has been in his present post, as successor of Nichol, Bradley, and Walter Raleigh. A native of India, like Sir Eric Geddes, he got his training under Edward Dowden, at Trinity College, Dublin, old "T. C. D.", where he made a brilliant showing. The first book to bring him into general notice was a brochure on Tennyson.

His latest, just out from the press of Houghton Mifflin, Boston, is a condensed but eminently readable and judicious story of The British Navy at War, provided with valuable maps, portraits, and other illustrations. In his closing chapter he easily disposes of the German bogie dubbed Navalism. He quotes from a neutral, Nils Sten, who has "travelled by German steamers nearly all over the world, but has never heard a German officer complain of England's naval supremacy." And our own Admiral Mahan, recently deceased, putting rhetorically the question why English innate political conceptions of popular representative government, of the balance of law and liberty prevail in North America from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, answers specifically, "Because the command of the sea, at the decisive era, belonged to Great Britain."

FOR THE BRITISH AMBULANCE

THAT veteran of many campaigns, Frederick Villiers, the artist war correspondent who began his wonderfully eventful career in the Servian war in 1876, with the London GRAPHIC, and who has been an active participant in almost every quarter of the globe since, wherever the war god has cast his grimly bloodshot eyes, is to be an honored guest in Los Angeles this week. He comes at the invitation of the British Ambulance Society, of 933 So. Broadway, to deliver a benefit

lecture of more than ordinary interest. Villiers is justly famed the world over for his doubly graphic pen and his magnetically human personality, as well as his strongly commanding individuality, and keen intellect. Of that famous group of war correspondents to which Archibald Forbes and Bennett Burleigh also added brilliance, he has been connected for the greater portion of his life time with the Illustrated London News, although at one time he was a member of the California news fraternity as one of the staff of the San Francisco EXAMINER, and has contributed to many other publications in this country and abroad. Lately he has been with the English and French troops in the fighting lines in France, as a representative of the Illustrated London News, and it is of "What I Saw at the Front" he will speak at Trinity Auditorium, Wednesday, September 5. His lecture, which has been exciting a vast amount of interest in San Francisco, where he has been for several weeks past, will be illustrated by more than a hundred of his own sketches and promises to be of more than ordinary pulling power. While in the city Mr. Villiers will be the center of much social attention in addition to his public and official entertainment.



International

THREE BRITISH VISITORS

General Sir William White, Captain Shaw, and Col. Manchester, of the British Recruiting staff, while staying at the Alexandria, have been the recipients of much attention

BY THE WAY

IF ONE were to catalogue the moods and emotions of Madame Margaret Barry Carver one must run the gamut of Diderot's "Paradox of Acting", just as in describing her varied charm of mind and person one must transcribe a whole chapter of Bain's "Digit of the Moon". Living abroad for the past ten years, Margaret Barry (the name by which she was known in her native state) has become a thorough cosmopolite. She is equally at home in Cairo, Rome, Vienna, Paris, London, or Petrograd. Much of her life abroad was spent in the Russian capital, where living near the Court, she became a close student of court life, of the modern Russian theatre, and of the music and literature of that wonderful country. It was a revelation to sit near and hear her comment on Russian life and manners, as she watched the Tolstoi film at a private view at Tally's; and later to listen to her familiar discourse before the members of the Hollywood Club on the Modern Russian theatre. One needed a nimble wit to follow her intimate chat as she played the part of the gracious hostess at luncheon in her suite at the hotel. If one had the good fortune to hear a reading from "Mimes", or a recital of Young's "Awake," or Laurence Hope's "Wings", under the stars at Point Loma overlooking Coronado, it was to hear madam at her best. A lover of books, of first editions and of prints, her familiar converse, well spiced with anecdote, makes a constant appeal to one's bookish intelligence.

WILLIAM Shakespeare, the noted English teacher of singing who was in Los Angeles last season, is teaching for a time in Kansas City. It seems he was to be met at the train by a gentleman who had never seen him, and who stopped the first man off the sleeper with, "Is this William Shakespeare?" The traveler thus taken for the Bard of Avon, as he supposed, quickly recovered himself, and ejaculated, "No, this is Sir Walter Raleigh. Shakespeare is still in the car playing seven-up with Queen Elizabeth." Which reminds me that when Shakespeare was here he sat next to his former pupil, Fred Bacon, at a Gamut club dinner, and the natural question put to them by a speaker was to decide the time-honored discussion as to which one wrote the plays. When visiting Bacon at Claremont, Shakespeare called for his mail at the village post-office. "Any mail for me?" "What name?" said the post-master. "William Shakespeare". "Come off, old man; don't give me none of your lip. Think I don't know who Shakespeare was!" And the Englishman had to repeat his pedigree in order to get his letters.

H. R. VAN SURDAM, formerly of El Paso, who has recently been charming Coronado and San Diego with his vanquishing tenor voice and his dulcet love songs, has enlisted for the officer's training camp and has left many a sorrowing feminine heart to sigh for him. He is not only a tenor, but a star football player and for many years was the idol of a large section of the athletic realm in that capacity.

It is not often that an athletic star and a starry tenor are combined in one person—attributes which make him popular with both sexes. Van Surdam is thirty-three years old, so that his enlistment is strictly patriotic. And at that he had to insist upon medical examiners overlooking the flat foot—which he assured them had done him such good service in the football field that it could be depended upon to fulfill the demands of the army march. Von Surdam says that when he reaches France he will capture more than his share of Germans by the use of his famous tackle and his "captivating" voice.

DR. J. W. COREY, M.D. is a soul specialist. He believes that the culture of the soul can be reduced to an exact science and has written a highly interesting volume on the subject. He declares that the soul is a distinct portion of the brain and occupies the left brain in right handed persons and the right brain cells in left handed persons. The culture of the soul is the doctor's exclusive specialty just now, and during the winter he will make addresses before numerous women's clubs. He feels that the real progress of the world rests in the hands of women, that so long as women are kept in subjection there can be no higher progress. Dr. Corey's ancestors were burned at the stake for witchcraft in Salem, Mass. Perhaps they too, were but experimenting in soul culture.

CARRANZA HAS HIS TROUBLES

THERE'S nothing that can so well enthrall Americanism in a person who has been in Mexico of recent years as a return to the U. S. A. Met George Perkins the other day, just after his return from twenty-five years in superintending mines near and around Mexico City. Perkins is an Englishman, and he never has had much use for the U. S. A., but recently he has brought his family into peaceful bungalow quarters in Los Angeles, and moreover has come to the conclusion that American intervention is the only thing that will bring peace to Mexico. "They will get Carranza yet, some of those relatives of men he has had shot", he said. "Did you know that an assassin winged Carranza in the arm not long ago? No! It wasn't allowed to get out, but it is true. He will go the way Madero did. Talk about "pacified Mexico"! Why the rebels' camp-fires can be seen on the mountains from Mexico City any night. Occasionally the Carranzistas drive the rebels back a little, but the next day they are on the job again. This arming the U. S. is doing is fortunate for your Mexico situation; for, sure as shooting, the United States will have to step in one of these days".

HOLLYWOOD'S ACQUISITION

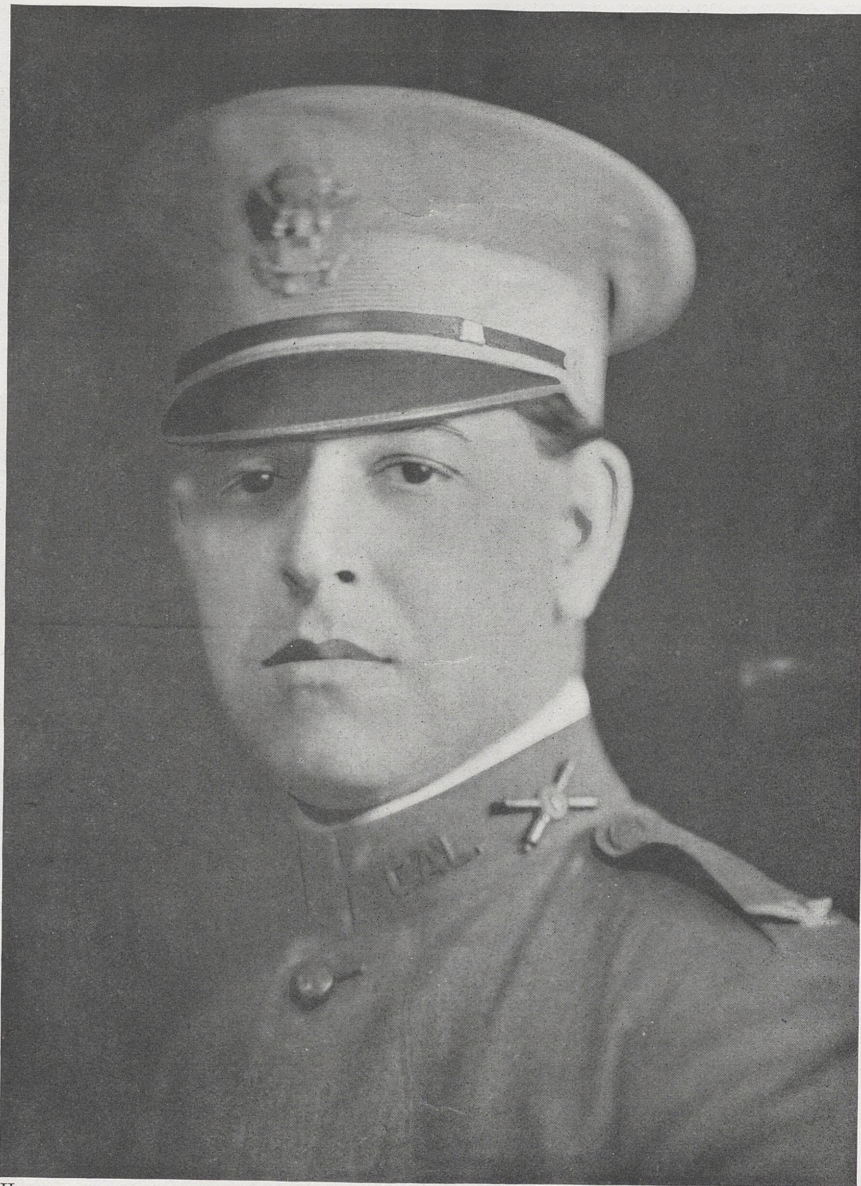
ONE OF Hollywood's newest residents is Dr. Malcolm McClean Morrison of New Zealand, who has recently returned after two years of arduous duties as an army surgeon in France. He has been giving our local Red Cross service some graphic descriptions of conditions there and much useful advice on the real necessities of the battle field. War work has undermined his health to the extent that a sojourn in sunny California was considered eminently desirable

and he proposes to make his home here for some time to come. Dr. Morrison is a young man—not yet forty—and, being a highly interesting conversationalist, he is going to prove a valuable asset to local hostesses, especially as he shows every sign of a sociable disposition.

THE ARCH M. C.

E. M. BAGBY, of the Chamber of Commerce, is in his element when he is playing master of ceremonies at a worth while reception. He has the affable manner down to a science and knows just in what degree to make a visitor welcome. Be it a Shriners' convention or the Belgium commission, the British recruiting general and his staff or a backwoods bigwig, "Hans" never fails to do the honors with just the right amount of cordiality; just the correct choice of words; exactly the desirable depth of bow.

An affluent bachelor of wide and sometimes alarming experience, and a golfer, the golf association never had so precise and indefatigable a secretary.



Hoover

COLONEL H. B. LIGHT

Who has just recently been appointed Fort Commander at Fort McArthur, Los Angeles

AMONG US MORTALS

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL
THE KITCHEN



Josie who was out most of the night at the ball of the North Side Social Club, takes a nip of cooking sherry to help her through the day.



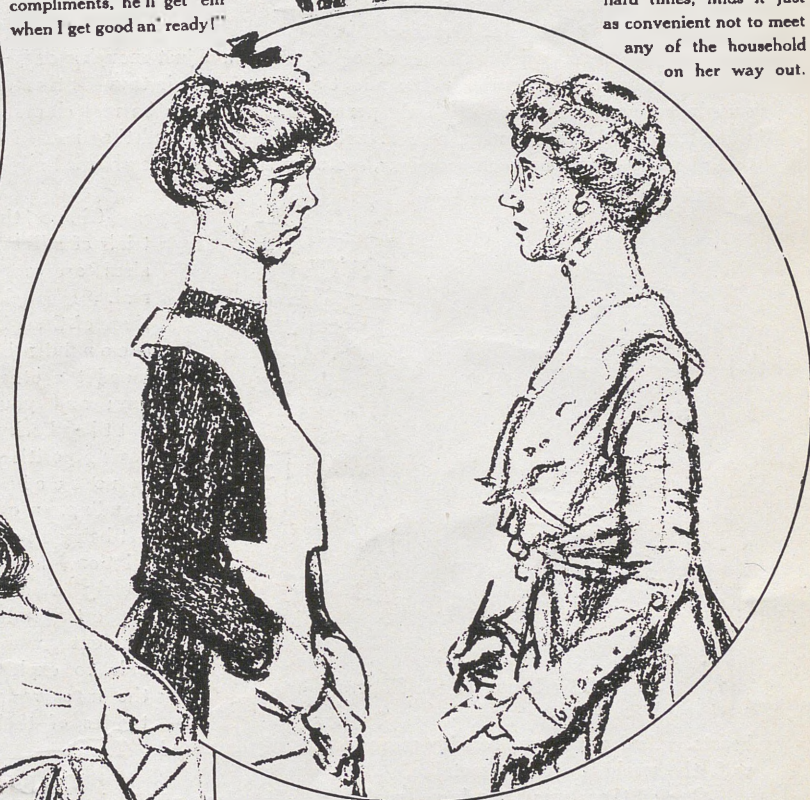
"Oh, he wants to know where his eggs is, does he? Well, you tell him, with my compliments, he'll get 'em when I get good an' ready!"



Cook, who is helping her sister's family over the hard times, finds it just as convenient not to meet any of the household on her way out.



Miss Marv, who has been taking a course in scientific cooking, tries to show Delia just how to run the kitchen on a system of calories and proteids.



Mrs. Roblee gives Annie a few last instructions before the dinner. Annie is sure that in her last place they served the salad and soup together.—and why can't she do it that way here?



The kitchen on ironing day—quite the best place in the house to play in.

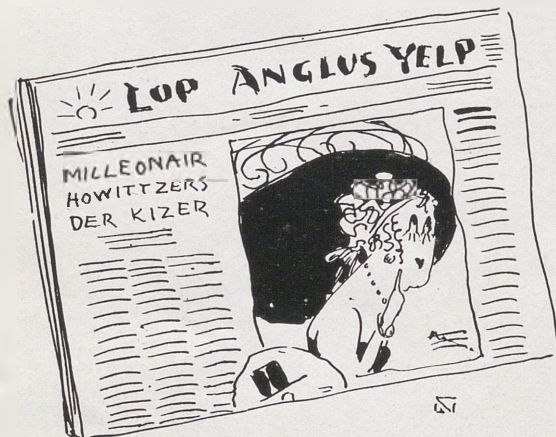


Annie's "cousin," who always manages to call around meal time.

BECKY SHARP'S DISSERTATION ON THE

TRIALS AND TROUBLES OF THE VERY RICH

I LIKE millionairesses. They are a cruelly malinged race, and sadly misunderstood. The trouble is that they live behind a haze of gold and diamonds, which is apt to blind us to their virtues. It is almost as difficult for them to be loved for themselves alone, as it is for a poor relation. Immense wealth is a genuine handicap. We are so dreadfully afraid to be affectionate with millionairesses, for fear they will suspect us of ulterior motives. Leaders of society (a leader of society must have just enough money—but not too much) feel compelled to adopt a patronizing air towards them, a certain gracious aloofness; and only permit themselves to be real chummy when it's a Red Cross benefit, or a French orphan soiree; and they never fail to be brutally frank on such occasions, scorning what they are alarmed might be regarded as a sycophantic tact.



"Her Name in the Papers"

hearts. And never was royalty more poignantly serrated. Their contact with the world is strictly metallic.

One of them was fingering a perfumed billet-doux which she had just opened with a sigh. She said it was from a "leader of society" and, beginning with a trite little peroration about our duty in this crisis, it went on to inform the recipient that "we hope to make this Red Cross benefit a record, and bring our little circle's contribution up to \$25,000. We have \$4873.41 and we feel that with your generous co-operation....." etc.

"You see how it is," said my wistful friend. "It is up to me to give the odd \$21,000. The lady herself is probably responsible for the 41 cents. Her stylish friends have contributed the rest. And it will all be donated in her name, this patriotic little leader of society, who rises so nobly to her country's crisis, even to using her aristocratic name to beg subscriptions. You see, in times like this, the society people use *their* influence and *our* money. This particular little lady assures me she despises vulgar publicity; but the horrid newspapers will insist upon putting her picture in the paper when that \$25,000 is lavishly handed over to the cause. And the funny part of it is, she won't even consider it necessary to send me an acknowledgement, until she wants another donation. Then her sugary note will begin with: "Remembering your generosity on the last occasion....." and so on. And somehow she always manages to be so cleverly patronizing about it—doing me a favor



to send me an autograph letter at all, you know."

"Why not send it to the head-quarter fund direct?" I asked, "and ignore the leader of society?"

But, you see, the millionairess is kindhearted. She is, of course, more than ready to give generously, but the instant the fund is open, a society leader always hastens to send one of those little sugary notes to remind the millionairesses of "our duty in this crisis," and the

average millionairess feels that she might be unnecessarily wounding a society leader's feelings by sending her a handsome donation through regular business channels.

"During the Red Cross drive," said another aggrieved millionairess, "I had letters from the campaign managers in every district of the country I had ever visited, asking for a \$50,000 donation to the fund in their city. I gave it in my home town, I gave it in Pasadena where we have a winter home, and I gave some to Los Angeles; and after that I felt that I could rest on my laurels for a spell. But the eight hundred refusals I had to send brought me nothing but cynical contempt."

The unhappy millionairess, you see, is the nation's property. Every city claims her gilded affection; but none of them take her to their heart as a human being. Even her own home town habitually regards her as a mere asset—a sort of impersonal bank, with pleasantly unbusiness-like methods.

Then there are the portrait and the miniature painters. Every one of them yearns to portray the charms of a millionairess in oils or on ivory. Never a millionairess yet that did not have a dozen appeals a week from artists. Her beauty has inspired them. Would she consent to sit for them? It would help them so in their career, they wish to exhibit it at the coming national exhibition. She would, of course, be under no obligation to purchase. Just the fact that they have been allowed to paint her portrait will make them famous.

Now the average millionairess is not half as vain and silly as we give them credit for. They know all about those little notes. But they are inherently kind-hearted; and they hate to withhold fame from a struggling genius. So every now and then one of them succumbs to her generous instincts. The



"Snowed Under with Begging Letters"

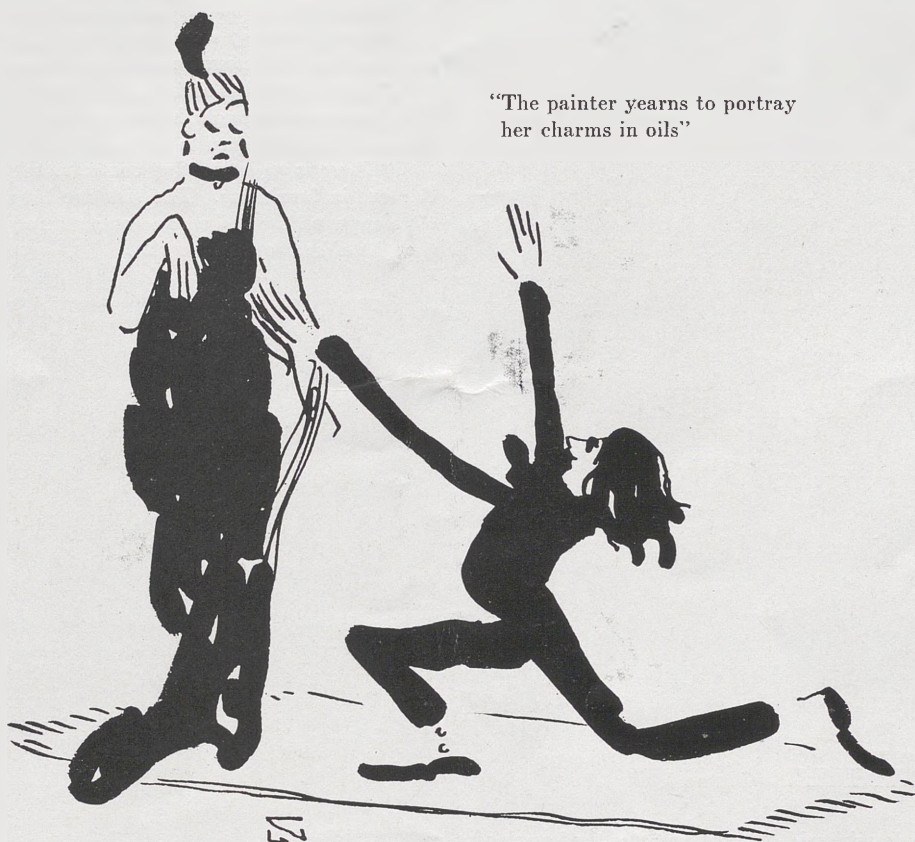
next thing we hear is a cause celebre litigation in the newspapers in which the millionairess is being sued for \$75,000 for a portrait which the artist declares she ordered, else why did she sit for him? And the lady, smarting under the duplicity of the trick, stands her ground and, "Gee, ain't these millionairesses close?" says the man in the street as he reads the roaring headlines.

"Why, do you know, dressmakers and jewellers and even antique furniture dealers, have sent me expensive goods without any order from me, begged me to keep them a few days and see if I liked them, and then sent me a bill for them, and declined to take them back. I have to keep an employee for the express purpose of sending such things back the instant they are received,

millionaire who stands all ridicule, and bears the brunt of all the satire.

No one quite realizes the appalling extent to which Millionaires are regarded as legitimate prey by whole organized professions. To "do" a millionaire is the supreme ambition, the whole *raison d'être* of a large part of the population. And then we wonder why they become a little unnatural, a little cynical.

Everybody who wants to put over any expensive enterprise, from purchasing a city park to erecting an orphan asylum, appeals to the millionaire. Day after day, week in and week out, they are besieged by beggars, all the way from the little crippled girls who write touching letters at the dictation of a sly



"The painter yearns to portray her charms in oils"

and my lawyer has little else to do than repudiate their purchase for me," said another distraught lady of fabulous wealth.

"Yes, indeed," echoed another. "We are often jibed at for our foolish purchases of fake old masters, and fake Persian rugs for fabulous prices; but few people realize what a bombardment is brought to bear on us. Men of good standing in society are employed by these fake antique dealers; men whom we had supposed were numbered among our safe friends, too. Such a man once talked me into paying \$120,000 for a Persian rug which I did not really want at all, but he seemed so anxious to secure it for America—and then I had to read a column of sarcasm in a Sunday supplement about the ridiculous vanity of millionaires who bought fake Persian carpets."

And it is the dealer who advertises the purchase of these things—rarely the millionaire—that is their clever way of boosting trade. But it is the luckless

mamma, via struggling artists, misunderstood musical geniuses, unappreciated authors, yearning poets, hospitals, playgrounds, charity organizations, churches that want new organs, theatres that want subsidies, ambitious journalists that want to start a new paper, forlorn widows who beg for their old clothes, factory girls who are starving for a grand piano, and fallen sisters who want to be adopted.

One millionairess actually received a touching letter from a young couple who said they could not afford to get married unless she would adopt them.

And with it all our millionaires manage to keep quite sweet and human for the most part. They go their wealthy generous way, rarely complaining, always a little sad. Everybody criticising, everybody asking, nobody praising, nobody giving.

I like millionairesses; they are cruelly maligned.

THE FUNCTION OF DANCING IN LIFE

MISS Ruth St. Denis, at the Denishawn Theatre the other night, read to an interested audience the following extract from a book by Havelock Ellis on the function of dancing in life:

Dancing and architecture are the two primary and essential arts. The art of dancing stands at the source of all the arts that express themselves first in the human person. The art of architecture is the beginning of all the arts that lie outside the person. Music, acting, poetry, proceed in the one mighty stream; sculpture, painting, all the arts of design, in the other. There is no primary art outside these two arts, for their origin is far earlier than man himself; and dancing came first.

That is one reason why dancing, however it may at times be scorned by passing fashions, has a profound and eternal attraction even for those one might suppose furthest from its influence. The philosopher and the child are here as one. The joyous beat of the feet of children, the cosmic play of philosopher's thoughts, rise and fall to the same rhythm. If we are indifferent to the art of dancing we have failed to understand, not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life.

What do you dance? When a man belonging to one branch of the great Bantu division of mankind met a member of another, said Linningstone, that was the question asked. What a man danced, that was his tribe, his social customs, his religion; for as an anthropologist has recently put it, "a savage does not preach his religion, he dances it." There are peoples in the world who have no secular dances, only religious dances, and some investigators believe that every dance was of religious origin. That view seems too extreme, even if we admit that some even of our modern dances, like the waltz, may have been

originally religious. It is more reasonable to suppose, with Wundt, that the dance was, in the beginning, the expression of the whole man.

Yet among primitive peoples religion is so large a part of life that the dance inevitably becomes of supreme religious importance. To dance was at once both to worship and to pray. Just as we still find in our Prayer Books that there are divine services for all the great fundamental acts of life, for birth, for marriage, for death, as well as for the cosmic procession of the world as marked by ecclesiastical festivals, and for the great catastrophes of nature, such as droughts, so also it has been among primitive peoples. For all solemn occasions of life, for weddings and for funerals, for seed-time and for harvest, for war and for peace, for all these things there were fitting dances.

Dancing we may see throughout the world, has been so essential, so fundamental a part of all vital and undegenerate religion, that whenever a new religion appears, a religion of spirit and not merely an anaemic religion of the intellect, we should still have to ask of it the question of the Bantu; What do you dance?

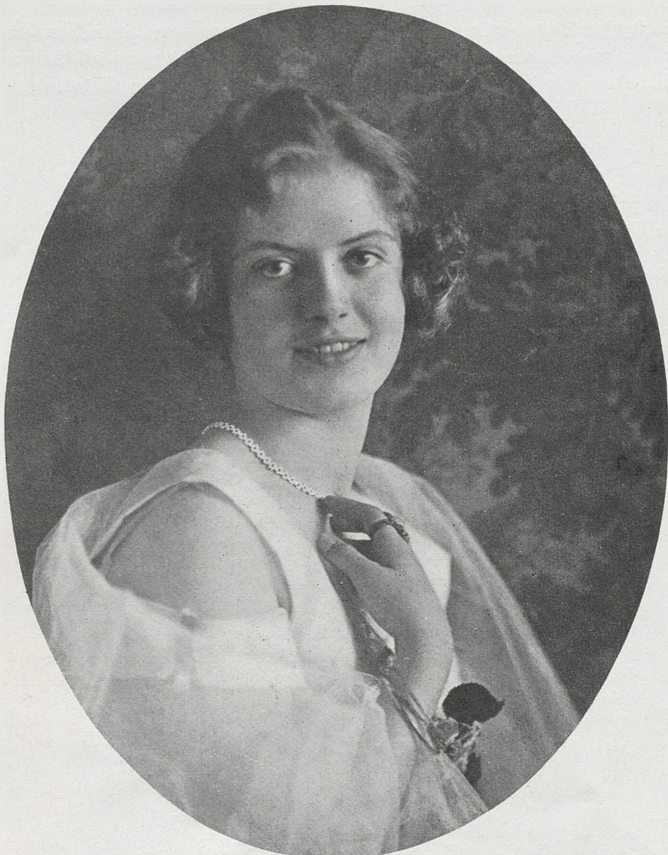
In the narrow sense, in individual education, the great importance of dancing came to be realized, even at an early stage of human development, and still more in the ancient civilizations. "A good education," Plato declares in the *Laws*, the final work of his old age, "consists in knowing how to sing well and to dance well." And in our own day one of the keenest and most enlightened of our educators has lamented the decay of dancing. The revival of dancing, Stanley Hall declares, is imperatively needed to give poise to the nerves, schooling them to the emotions, strength to the will, and to harmonize the feelings and the intellect with the body which supports them.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS

OF WHAT are you most proud in your school?" I asked the principal of one of the largest private schools for girls on the Pacific coast.

She looked at me quizzically and smiled.

"Of a number of young wives who are running their homes successfully on one hundred dollars a month and up," she said.



MISS RUTH HILL (Cumnoek)

When I pointed out the paradox she said, "But it isn't, for the knowledge necessary is being gained by the girls in the school both before and after they are married, and it may interest you to know that one of the slogans of the housekeeping course is "Have a special chair for your husband in every room."



MISS VIOLET ANDREWS (Westlake)

The suggestion that girls whose parents send them to private schools would not need to learn economy was laughed to scorn.

"You don't understand," said this dignified, grey-clad woman with the kindly eyes, "the word economy is becoming a watchword all over the country,

especially since the advent of war. It does not mean stint, it means understanding and intelligence.

"It means that a girl who is well educated disdains to permit waste—in herself, her home, in her surroundings. We try to show every young girl who comes to us the practical value of life lived rightly, and to do this she must learn to appreciate money only as something for which she can obtain a proper exchange.

"So we recently instituted what is called the course in home-making. Most girls have some idea of what amount their future husbands will have to build and furnish a house, and so we start with an average sum. We take the girls through the big stores and make them choose furniture and hangings according to the amount each has, supposedly, to spend.

"They make lists and the next class session brings out their expenditure. This goes right through the home, from the kitchen to the sun parlor on the roof, and the girls learn to know values as they never could in any other way.

"There is an interesting course in the psychology of color that overlaps this one in furnishing. The girls are taught to consider carefully the effect of colors upon themselves and on their relatives, and to choose them with the thought of harmonizing results.



MISS LOUISE F. DARMODY (Cumnoek)

"Then house-keeping and cooking follows and there is not a girl who studies this course to the end who does not sooner or later utilize her knowledge for the purpose of making a more successful wife than she would otherwise be.

"We visit the markets and actually buy foods for cooking and I think it would be a clever cook or housekeeper in her later life who could tell one of our girls anything about comparative prices that she did not know."

"Have you had many daughters of millionaires in your school?" I asked, consideringly.

"The school has been running for more than twenty years and I suppose we have had our share," she answered, "but that makes absolutely no difference. A girl who comes here, supposedly comes for what we have to offer her and she gets it, whether she will have fifty dollars a month spending money or five hundred. We have done with the luxurious boarding schools of fiction and the movies.

"We study simplicity and results. An innovation of last term which will be carried on again this year is the military drill every morning before breakfast. The girls rise at 6:30—how do you think that would strike the old regime principal and pupils?—and they drill from 7:00 until breakfast time, 7:30. None of the pretty-pretty doll drills, but the real military thing with hard work to it."

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MOTHER TO A HUNDRED

MOTHERS who have two or three boys to look after, think their hands are full. Even one solitary youngster is enough to keep some parents busy. Did you ever think of the problems to be faced by a woman who oversees the destinies of a hundred little boys in boarding schools? Think of a hundred active youngsters, all energetic specimens of Young America! Think of the problem of keeping them all in good health, the attention to diet and habits necessary, for if a boy should become ill he would be taken out of school, and nothing worse could be said about a school than that a pupil, through neglect, was allowed to get sick.

With these thoughts in mind I went out to Page Military Academy to interview Mrs. Gibbs, and to find out what manner of woman this was who mothered that small army of little folks. I found her interviewing applicants for positions as teachers and matrons, talking to parents who had called to see about placing their young sons in school, and answering telephoned inquiries from mothers in regard to school outfits, and all the other questions that arise when a boy is about to go away to school.

While I waited, I visited with one of the matrons. From her I learned that Mrs. Gibbs has a marvelous memory for the details of a boy's wardrobe. Months after his entrance she can tell how many handkerchiefs, stockings,

When her callers had gone I asked her for her ideas on military training. "Sometimes mothers are opposed to military training," she said, "but it is because they do not understand it. These boys come to me day after day and year after year with their little troubles, with their likes and dislikes, with their joys and sorrows, with their successes and failures, and I get so



MISS MARGARET BULLOCK (Westlake)

suits of underwear or other articles he brought without looking at the matron's list, and she can tell their kind and quality so as to pick them out if the laundry mark has become obliterated. Her ability to do this is so wonderful as to seem uncanny to most people. At one time an overcoat was missing and the matron was unable to find it. The mother said it was bought in Detroit; that she paid twenty dollars for it; but she would take ten dollars for it if we couldn't find it. Mrs. Gibbs was called in. She immediately said his coat had not come from Detroit, but had been sent out from Bullock's about two years before. She went to look for it herself and brought it in in a few minutes with the Bullock tag still on it, and too small now for the boy to wear.

Let the housewife who gives personal attention to the family menu think for a moment what it means to attend to the culinary arrangements of such an establishment. Mrs. Gibbs is just as careful as any mother would be in regard to the food served. She believes that improper and poorly cooked food can be the source of enormous waste and intense dissatisfaction, and therefore she has always insisted on having a first-class chef. The one she has had for the past two years was formerly the chef at a prominent country club. She insists that nothing shall go on the table that is not wholesome and appetizing, or that she would not eat herself. Attention to this one detail is enough to keep most women busy.



MISS HELEN NORTHMORE (Cumnock)

that I love these youngsters as if they were my own sons. I certainly do not want them to die an untimely death on the battlefield, any more than any mother would. I favor military training not because it makes them warlike, for it does not, but because it makes them exact. The reason a military boy



MISS BARBARA NEUNER (Westlake)

carries himself so much better than the one who lacks military training is because he must walk *exactly* so to be correct."

"Germany's warlike spirit is not due to her military training, but her efficiency is. The trained German finds the best way of doing a thing, and

(Continued on Page 25)

MILLE FROU-FROU AND HER FROCK OF FRILLS



Putnam & Valentine

MISS FLORENCE ANDREWS

One of the most promising of the Pupils of the Denishawn School for Dancing in the wonderfully frilled creation designed by Ted Shawn, for her vivacious "Frou-Frou" Dance a performance which made quite a hit

TALE OF YE TOURNEY TOLD BY YE LADYE FAYRE



Putnam & Valentine

MISS EDITH EMMONS KUSTER

Another beautiful Denishawn Dancer who is also an accomplished actress. She gives a remarkable pantomimic dance narrative of "The Tourney". One of her best performances is "At the Country Fair"

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

MISS MINNA GOMBEL, the newest star of the local Morosco forces, is one of the most charming personages that I have ever met. Contrary to what might be expected of an actress who gives as finished and artistic a performance as she, Miss Gombel is young and full of the enthusiasm that goes with youth. Hers is not the heavy, "theatrical" appearance but, on the other hand, she radiates joy; a joy which is clouded only by the recent death of her father, a well-known Baltimore Physician.

In the course of our conversation I asked her if it is possible to "live" a part while playing it. Miss Gombel hesitated a moment and then replied, "Yes, I think it is. At least it is possible for me to do so if everything goes well, and if I am feeling particularly in the mood. I do not like to be so realistic as to cry on the stage and I seldom do, for crying upsets me, and causes me to lose my poise. My throat becomes clogged with tears, rendering me speechless, and my head begins to ache, upsetting me even more".

"Mentality plays a large part with the artists", continued Miss Gombel. "I always endeavor to get the viewpoint both of the author and of the character I am to portray. One positively cannot play a part he does not understand, and the mere memorizing of lines means nothing. Oftentimes I cut entire speeches and change lines to suit myself, such as I did on one or two places in "The Cinderella Man". Almost every dramatist will allow certain changes to be made, providing the thought is not altered. In my study of a part I am extremely quick to learn, although not very accurate. This latter fault I correct as rehearsals progress".

It was only four years ago that Miss Gombel accompanied by her mother, who, by the way, did not wish her daughter to become an actress, entered the office of a New York theatrical manager for the first time. She was not long there before her beauty and personality won her a hearing, and she was immediately engaged. She rehearsed her part for two weeks, when, alas! as she reported for work the first morning of the third week, she was informed that she was to be replaced by another actress to whom the financial backer of the show had promised the role. Miss Gombel emphatically says that every star must have and had decided jolts in his journey along the rocky road to fame, but this, being first, she suffered an illness. Now she says that she does not believe anything that she hears in regard to contract until hers is duly signed and recorded—that a contract record is worth ten thousand in the inkwell.

About a month later, however, the almost-extinguished spark of ambition fanned itself into flame again and Miss Gombel, ventured on Broadway again, but this time to the office of a different manager. Luck went her way, and she signed to appear in "Excuse Me", one of the snappiest comedies ever produced in Gotham. Later, she accepted an engagement in Fannie Ward's starring vehicle, "In New York with Mme. Presidente", although she did not remain with this company long. After playing a stock engagement, she was given the feminine lead in "My Lady's Garter"—another of her disappointments. Concerning this she says that she spent three months of her own time, five hundred dollars on her wardrobe, the salary of a maid, and the rental price of her New York apartment and received but three weeks' salary, which put her in debt over a thousand dollars.

"When in debt, go into stock", Miss Gombel had always heard, and, acting this bit of advice, she signed as leading woman with Frank Wilcox in his Little Playhouse company of Mount Vernon, N. Y., remaining here until she was called to play the lead in the road production of "A Pair of Sixes" which appeared in Los Angeles at the Majestic theatre some two years ago. On returning to New York, Miss Gombel sought out Mr. Wilcox, and the two organized the Knickerbocker Stock Co. in Syracuse, N. Y., whence Miss Gombel has just come. Concerning her stay in Syracuse, Miss Gombel has many pleasant memories, and I have been told that she was a great favorite in that city. As evidence of her popularity, salads, babies, cigars, a race horse, a street, sundaes, confections, and even sandwiches were named for her.

Immediately having signed with Mr. Morosco, Miss Gombel received two flattering offers to appear in big-time Eastern theatricals. Her ambition has always been to star on The Great White Way, and she feels that in order to broaden her experience, the best thing she possibly could have done was to sign a contract as a member of the ever-increasing Morosco forces. Her hopes are not vain, for it is rumored that soon Manager Morosco intends to place her in a new play on Broadway.

T.B.H.

AT FIRST thought it might be said that Mr. McGroarty's new play "Jan" raises from his uneasy bed the ghost of that long-harassed question, the function of the drama and the theatre. Second thought however, removed the ominous suggestion. For "Jan" proves that a play whose one great object is serious moral instruction, independent of dramatic art, must fail as material for the stage.

In the mouth of Jan the dreamer, (played by H. Lonsdale) Mr. McGroarty puts a simple message of love and peace, a determined protest against worldliness, specifically against militarism. The theme is idealistically beautiful, though certainly not original. In studied periods the message is delivered; and the auditor is never allowed to forget that he is listening to a dissertation on human uplift. He feels a righteous resentment at finding a moral exposition, divorced from genuine dramatic qualities, where he had hoped for the subtle combination of a reformer's vision joined in happy wedlock with dramatic art.

The strength of the weak, the beauty and happiness of simple lives, are the dominant notes in the theme of the play. "To oppose with blades of grass their blades of steel" is Mr. McGroarty's ideal; and his dramatized vision of it shows that the high courage of the Dreamer Jan, and the music of Otto, the Flute player, are stronger than the will of Maurek, the Ironmaster. But the unmotivated plot fails to make the proof convincing.

Maurek, (Louis Morrison) maker of guns which make Kings, invites comparison with Undershaft of Shaw's "Major Barbara". The comparison is not invidious but pleasantly, even humorously, significant. If you will remember, Undershaft proves conclusively to be the strongest, finest character in "Major Barbara". With his hard-headed philosophy and the grim poetry of him, he wins over Salvation Army workers, High Churchmen and snobs. His triumph as a powerful and admirable character is one of the most truly delightful things that Shaw has done.

Thus Undershaft and Maurek seem essentially to be brothers—or rather the reflection of the other. But Undershaft commanded our admiration; and Maurek was to be the "horrible example", the very incarnation of damnable militarism. Truly all the marks of the rapacious master of Wars are his; recognized at a glance. But even these stigmata are inadequate to bind the real character. He leaps from its fetters of symbolism into the one of the fine burst of strength in the whole play. The great Maurek frenzied by disappointment, reveals his vision as he had seen it. And our sympathies rush to him, to this magnificent dreamer of his own red dreams. "You know the creature is really a sort of poet in his way."

The horrible example does not inspire horror at all; we cannot take "Jan" seriously, when against the authors will and intention, we are driven to respect the force which he combats. The secret of our response is simple; Maurek alone, of all the characters, is endowed with a regular flow of bona fide red blood and full set of vertebrae.

As drama "Jan" is disappointing. The plot is lamentably weak, characterization is almost non-existent, and the lines are rather a handicap to the author than a vehicle. Character is sacrificed to type, and action to over-long discourses. The author forgets that great truths are more thoroughly digested when administered by suggestion rather than by direct treatment. Undoubtedly a great many of the flaws evident in the premiere performance will disappear; certainly the interpretation will improve when the actors are line-perfect. Realism reduced to actualism and its attendant dangers was to be observed in the first act when a very real, and utterly unconcerned pouter pigeon threatened the gravity of an eminently serious moment.

Mr. McGroarty has seriously tried to give to the public a beautiful ideal; an ideal in which he whole-heartedly believes. He chose the theatre as the means best suited for his purpose; and it is on that point that we would question the wisdom of his course. Certainly no one can criticize the fine idealism of his aim; but the manner of portraying it is not adequate. He has a big idea, improperly handled; it suggests, unfortunately, cannon balls in a pill box.

K. B.

THE GENERALLY bright and shining firmament of the Orpheum is somewhat darkened by the presence of a few clouds this week. These clouds while not of the storm variety, are enough to cause alarm, at least until we are able to assure ourselves of their harmless intentions. Kathleen Clifford, a chic admixture of Duff-Gordon, and Hart, Shaffner and Marx, is quite the brightest luminary of the entire bill. Rarely is seen a person of little Miss Clifford's charm, nor one of her personality and stage presence. She is as vivacious as a tiny humming bird flitting from flower to flower, and is here there and everywhere every minute of the time she graces the stage. Her clothes are smart, and she reminds us of Marguerite Clark in her manner of wearing them. Without doubt, she is the best little "English nut", as she styles one of her characterizations, we have ever seen on the local stage. To boot, Kathleen can sing, and her songs are just as smart as she herself. She has chosen numbers that fit her personality to a T.

"Hit the Trail", Austin Webb's new starring vehicle, is a bit of Bill Sunday propaganda that has hit us at just about the psychological moment. Everywhere at the present time we hear of the "immortal evangelist", and are to be granted the privilege of actually seeing him in the flesh next week if something or other doesn't intervene. Webb, as Jimmy Spaulding, evangelist, does some excellent work, and portrays Sunday mannerisms, if, indeed, the man has any private life at all, and we are given a chance to see some exceptionally good acting on the part of every member of the cast.

"The Headliners present a picture of ham-circuit vaudeville existence. At first we are rather bored by the slow-moving dialog, but as the plot thickens, our slumbering interest is aroused. Henry B. Toomer as Henry Gwan and Frank Merrill as his partner, "Bud" Dunn, are, as the pair of refined song and dance artists, convincing, to say the least. Esther Drew as the soubrette is clever, and shows us how the poor actor, on small time, manages to make street clothes serve as stage costume. If the act had as much speed at the beginning as it has at the end, it would be a rare treat and would pull a good many laughs, but as it is now—'nough said.

"Just Fun" with Helene Hamilton and Jack Barnes is one of the aforementioned clouds. Mr. Barnes is an exceedingly wise looking young man, which Miss Hamilton has the good sense to notice, and which she accordingly

(Continued on page 34)

PERSONALITY, CHARM, AND ABILITY ARE HERS



MISS MINNA GOMBEL

Has come from New York at Morosco's request. She first played in "Excuse Me" four years ago, and "In New York with Mme. Presidente", Fannie Ward's starring vehicle. Later, after a stock engagement, Miss Gombel appeared in "My Lady's Garter", in which she played the lead. This did not pan out as well as was expected, and she again went into stock with Frank Wilcox. Following this engagement she was called upon to play the lead in "A Pair of Sixes"

THE thread of Fashion, running throughout youthful clothes, like the ripple of laughter accompanying blithe-some talk, is a half-mocking, wholly indulgent yielding to the love of make-believe, inherent in all childhood.

Those earliest days of play-time, when the dearest joy was to put on mother's dress and trail around the neighborhood, paying formal calls, must be ever present in the thought of that couturier who wishes to attain success with the younger generation. For, from the age of three to the debutante, the replica of mother's gowns, the latest of her modes, are beloved of girlhood.

And yet, there must be a difference; a something subtly unsophisticated, covertly ingenuous, marking the distinction between youthful dressing and that of the mature. Clever is the clothes-maker who senses this and discriminates with wisdom.

The use, at present, of fabrics identical for both young and old, renders such distinction difficult.

Critics have averred that no longer are there women of even middle age—all having reverted to young girlhood; and with this the case, we might also conclude that no longer are there young girls or children, all having attained to Fashion indiscretion before life has well begun. But ere closing this conclusion, we are confronted with some pretty contradiction, such as that herewith paged, unmistakably a child's dress, the title told in every line and simple fold of its rose-leaf loveliness! Square-tabbed, rounded pockets set so near to the skirt's narrow hem that finger-tips must stretch their best to reach them and dimpled knees must bend, to hide things in their depths; and just enough of trimming in hand-wrought couching stitch to define the bib-like yoke and other dainty features, make of this small frock one to attract the fairies on a moonlit, summer night.

The boy's suit, making eyes at it, is a quaintly mannish one, in checkered green and brown of the softest worsted cloth; and its many pockets, its belt and wealth of buttons, so very like big brother's, that none could distinguish at a glance whether it was Captain Jack off duty, or little Bobbie, wearing it.

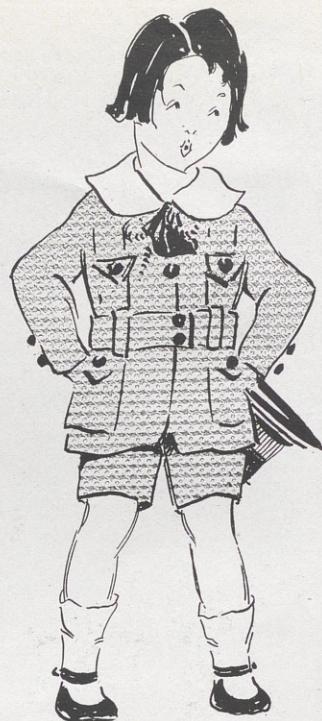
To go kinderward—say to St. Catherine's—such clothes as these are irresistible, when one is from three to six.

Preparation for the navy forms no part of the curriculum at the Westlake School for Girls, but no Westlake girl would

NEW MODES DESC



Marine serge, most popular in school, is not too stuck up to go with satin of its own shade. It even takes it to arms, as sleeves, and accepts it—when knife-plaited, as a tunic. A bell crowned hat of duvetyn has a crush on this clever little dress. Shown at The Paris.



Pockets and pants quite grown up make a three year old mannishly bold, till he meets the girl; then it's hats off, head down, tongue tied! So bashful it almost wishes itself back at Mullen & Bluett's.



"Come, join the fashion navy!" urged this blue serge dress; and because collar and cuffs were tan-tussur—so accommodating—they agreed to help to rush the brim-up, braided sailor for their favorite frat. Girl's dress seen at Robinson's.

try to "ditch" an exam. which would prepare her for such a navy serge as the one depicted. The sailor collar in tan tussur, the hat faced with the same, over-braided and turned up all around, as if it dared the U. S. Navy to "tag" it as its own, the saucy rows of buttons, the knife-pleated skirt swinging so jauntily away from the panel front—these are features which write "girlishness" upon this chic school dress.

One would think the looms just couldn't for a moment stop manufacturing blue serge, once they had got started, or that Fashion was stone-blind to almost everything except serge, so many of the best things are made from that material. Still, with so many different weaves, such various shades of color and such endless variety in the styles of making blue serge frocks, there is really no danger of girls losing their identity in the mazes of blue serge clothes. But it does take ingenuity to differentiate one blue serge dress from another to so marked a degree as develops in that one of marine serge, which has united to itself a marine blue satin tunic and other blue satin features—lest it be mistaken for some other dress. Further to assure itself individuality, it has donned a white satin collar tied in a twist in front, and cuffs of snowy satin to tell the long sleeves where to end. The devoted hat of duvetyn, chosen for its chum, is innocent of trimming save for the slender pheasant's feather laid along the brim. Miss Fourteen-to-Sixteen, from the Girls' Collegiate School, is said to have an eye on this.

Another serge frock—midnight blue—chose for companionship to brighten its long days, a horde of gold silk stitching, of that heavy, evident sort which looks almost like braiding. This golden thread, running like a romantic serial, wherever it finds a place—around the skirt, along the vest, upon the narrow girdle and circling several times around the wide-open arms' eyes, is finally brought to a conclusion, so far as color goes, by the satin cuffs and collar, pocket laps and buttons. If this adorable little dress escapes a Cummock Miss, I shall miss my guess!

The first glint of its shimmering folds, sings the Lorelei—the clothes temptation song—which beautiful clothes have sung since those early days in Eden! Who save Eddie Schmidt,

It was love at first sight when met this silvery French tricot with such supple lines as only Eddie

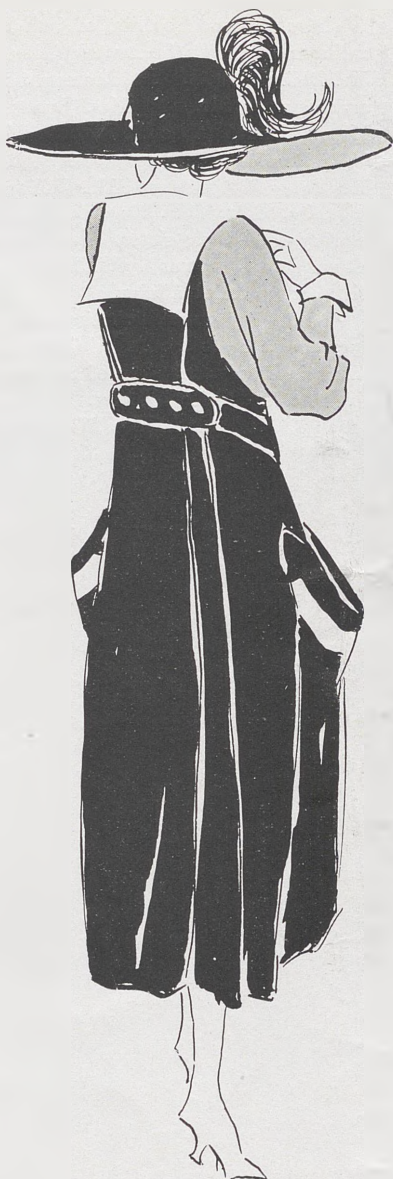
CRIED—By Violette Ray



Sweetness is added to sugar-plum days by wee frocks such as this rose-leaf linen, at Bullock's. The pockets seem trying to escape from tiny, feeling fingers.



nt when a Marlborough girl ricot tailleur, builded upon Eddie Schmidt attains.



A smart, girl-made-for dress of midnight serge, is still further smartened by stitching of bright gold silk. Gold satin glints on collar, cuffs and belt; and ball buttons are topped with gold. At Harris & Frank's until called for.

forsooth, could build a coat-dress like that! The waist constructed for modest revelation of the budding form; skirt disclosing slimmness of shy, girlish ankles and a trifle more—skirt scant but not impoverished in its graceful width; coat tunic which is, after all, a broadly-plaited flounce set upon the waist; pockets, double-decked affairs which hide their narrow sources beneath the belt. The drapery of the belt and cuffs are a tailleur's triumph. The fine French tricot, in its tint of silver newly minted, is exactly matched by the flat silken braid which by nimble twist and turn defines the garment as a masterpiece, rich, plain, aglow with charm.

The slant of the piquant pockets, the inimitable way the buttons have of getting into the right places, the novel long-waistedness of the coat, the blue-and-greyness of the fine, soft basket weave—you know how such features capture the fancy of a girl, making her want and want, until she just must have a certain suit! It's that way with the pictured one, beneath the good scout of a hat. It was the dashing way it had of marshalling narrow grosgrain ribbon in long lines upon its borders and twisting it up and down its peaks, stopping it now and then to officially salute those foreign-looking beads, finally to flutter flag-like into many-ended bows—all this it was that won the heart of the susceptible, girlish suit and made it pledge itself as an everlasting pal.

One-piece frocks, coat-dresses, and suits come first in the college preparatory lists, or in any category of school preparedness, as every girl knows well. Summer dancing frocks may be worn for some time, in case they be not danced to death, and even then they may easily be brought to life by a new wreath of flowers, ribbon or other subterfuge, until one has given due attention to things of larger import. After more weighty matters have been disposed of—street gowns and coats and frocks for school—the turn will come for those best-beloved, the final efflorescence of the school girl's clothes, party dresses, dressy wraps and the frocks dansant. If one is to go to dancing school—if one is to Denishawn, which is short for learning dancing—the unshortened skirt is unquestionably right.

The shops already teem with dresses for girl gaities. Simple, dainty, colorful as few daytime clothes are allowed to be, during this somewhat sombre season. For aside from the dark blue, which, in its varied nomenclature is omnipresent, there are taupe, loam, eminence, and the many rich, deep tones of wine; all more or less subdued. But in evening dress, there is color without stint.

Of furs the modish Miss will partake but slightly. A fox of her chosen sort, possibly a muff, a band or so of squirrel fur along a coat hem, or a scarf may be hers; but she will discreetly refrain from the furry opulence which is her mother's right. Furs, like diamonds or other precious gems, are considered to be the heritage of the older generation; and from this rule there may be but slight departure.

When it comes to shoes, milady Miss is more exacting than her older friends. The shortness of her skirt, the more active life she leads, the fact that all the exercises—dancing, gymnastics, outdoor sports, are so important a part of her career, lead naturally to exactions in the clothing of her feet. More pointed, slender, more highly-finished and more differentiated for the many occasions than heretofore are the shoes which she shall wear. In reckoning allowances, a larger amount must be set aside for shoeing. No well-dressed girl can manage without street shoes, shoes for morning wear, shoes for tennis, shoes for walking, shoes for afternoon, shoes for dinner, for the theater, and for party and dancing use. Bedroom slippers, bath mules, bathing shoes and riding boots must be hers as well; and she may indulge her whim in unending numbers of dressy foot-clothes, if her means permit.

The same is true of stockings. Each occasion must have its own, appropriate to associate with the shoes which dominate.

Then there are the little things, so important to the junior-esque and even to seniors. Collars, nets and veils, gloves and ties and hair ribbons. Having the proper ones makes all the difference between joyance and flat-staleness in the school-girl's life.

To sum up: Simplicity must be the school clothes' watchword. Not the elaborated simplicity attained by mother's gowns, nor the studied ingenuousness of big sister's frocks; but frank, straightforward simplicity.



"Safety first!" exclaims the chin-snuggling collar, as it buttons fast to the firm shoulder of this well tailored suit. Blue and gray basket cloth, it is; and higher mathematics must be brought to bear upon the multiplicity of its buttons. Desmond's discovered it. The scoutish felt hat with it, is peaked up to a point and is brim-bound and seam-finished with overtwisted, narrow, grosgrain ribbon.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

THERE is little of frivolity left for the younger members of society. Quite suddenly these sub-debs and buds have assumed a sedate maturity out of all keeping with their youthfulness. A year or so ago one

thought in terms of dances, teas, card parties, and luncheons; but all of us have suddenly been mustered into the Country's service, unofficially, but no less enthusiastically than our brothers. Interest in the Red Cross and other national organizations can no longer be stigmatized "mere fad". Sincerity in the great work is attested by efficient results and these young folk have contributed their share toward these results. One group of young women of Los Angeles, former Marlborough girls, has been meeting each Monday during the entire summer at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips, in Berkeley Square, to prepare surgical dressings. Their earnest aid has been keenly brought home for there is scarcely a member who has not sent forth to his patriotic duty, a husband, a brother, or a sweetheart. Among this little group of friends is Miss Lucile Phillips, who is having to leave soon for the east, where she will complete her senior year at Vassar. Miss Phillip's fiance, Dr. Wayland Morrison is an officer in the Naval Reserves and is awaiting call. Miss Clara Vickers, daughter of Mrs. J. M. Vickers, of Los Angeles, is another who has passed the greater part of the

summer in the city, devotedly busy at making surgical dressings and rolling bandages. Mrs. Clarence H. Crawford, formerly Miss Nan Vickers, is also of the regular Monday workers. Mrs. R. L. Reynolds of Whittier, formerly Miss Edith Newman of El Paso; Mrs. Walter Macpherson, formerly Miss Marjorie Severance of Los Angeles, Miss Edith Maurice, Miss Frances Richards, Miss Marie McCoy, Miss Edith Bryant, Mrs. Louis Toller, formerly Miss Jane Rollins; Miss Marion Wigmore, Mrs. Arthur Trowbridge, formerly Miss Marjorie Tufts; Miss Beatrice Finlayson, and a number of other women have in many cases foregone the pleasures which a year ago they would have felt were essential to their very happiness.

Of interest to society in Texas as well as that of Southern California, was the marriage of Miss S'Jno Murchison, daughter of Mrs. D. R. Murchison, of Achens, Texas, to Mr. Barry Cool, son of Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Cool, of Venice. The wedding took place Wednesday, at the Immanuel Presbyterian church, the Rev. Herbert Booth Smith performing the ceremony. Miss Wynne Maxon, a cousin of the bridegroom, was maid of honor, and Mr. Howard Salisbury acted as best man. Following the marriage a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bridegroom's uncle, Mr. Charles Maxon. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. D. R. Murchison, who for many years was president of the First National Bank of Achens, Texas. She is also the sister of Mr. Frank Murchison, who is vice president of the Texas Bank and Trust Company, of El Paso, Texas.

Mrs. Durand Kenneth of San Diego, entertained recently with an informal tea, complimenting Miss Kathleen and Doreen Kavanaugh of Los Angeles, who with their mother, Mrs. J. C. Kavanaugh, are visiting at Coronado, the guests of Mrs. Percival Thompson, formerly Miss Kavanaugh.

Former Lieutenant Governor Wallace and Mrs. Wallace, of Los Angeles, motored to San Diego several days ago for an indefinite stay.

Miss Sibyl Johnstone, of Los Angeles, who has just returned from Del Mar, La Jolla, and San Diego was the guest of honor recently at a luncheon given by Mrs. W. Horace Adams, of San Diego. Other guests were Mrs. Frank

Requa, Mrs. W. B. Blackburn, Mrs. T. Schwartz, Mrs. Frank Denz and Mrs. John Ort.

Mrs. Roscoe Conklin, of Oak Knoll, Pasadena, entertained recently at a dinner dance, at the Beverly Hills hotel, in honor of Miss Clara Baker and Mr. Blair Haskett. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Don Stanley. Others invited were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Duque, Mr. and Mrs. Walter White, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Ebon Musick, Miss Alice Linford, Miss Arline Hamill, Mr. Harrison Baker, Mr. Robert McCormick, Mr. Harry Matchen, and Mr. William Smalley.

Mrs. Edward F. Bogardus and Mrs. Malcolm Nason, who have been visiting with their sister, Mrs. Frederick Lee Nason, in San Diego, have returned to Hollywood. While in the southern city they were complimented with many social affairs.

Santa Barbara still continues gay, many society folk lingering either from pure choice or to lend a helping hand to the Red Cross, and other forms of patriotic expression. One of the most pretentious of this seasons affairs was given at Montecito by Mrs. Franklin Price Knott, when she entertained in honor of Captain and Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick, of San Francisco.

Miss Gwendolyn Laughlin, who has been visiting in Boston, New York, and other eastern cities for the past two months, returned Tuesday to Los Angeles. Miss Laughlin was accompanied home by Mrs. William Barnard, of Philadelphia, who will be her guest here for some time. Mrs. Barnard has visited in Los Angeles many times and is well known here.

Mrs. William D. Stephens, wife of Governor Stephens of California, who has been visiting relatives and friends in Los Angeles for several weeks left Monday for San Francisco, where she will be joined by her husband. She will remain in San Francisco until after the arrival of her daughter and son-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Zane and their



MRS. CHARLES M. NEBEKER

And her little daughter, who are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Walsh. Mrs. Nebeker was Miss Virginia Walsh, one of Los Angeles' most charming debutantes

attractive little daughter, Marjorie Zane, who are sailing on a government transport from Honolulu today. Captain Zane, who has been stationed in Honolulu for the past two years, has been detached from his duties on the Island, and will be stationed elsewhere upon his arrival on the continent the first of September. While in Los Angeles, Mrs. Stephens was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson is a sister of Governor Stephens.

Another patriotic collegiate to win his spurs, and don an officer's uniform, is Lieutenant Overton Walsh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Walsh, of Los Angeles. Mr. Walsh has already departed for American Lake. He was a member of the Officer's training Camp at the Presidio, and won his lieutenantcy there. At present Mrs. Charles M. Nebeker, and her little daughter, Victoria Moreland Nebeker, are visiting Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Nebeker's mother. Recently Mrs. Nebeker entertained informally at bridge for Mrs. Charles Kemmler, Jr., of New York. Mrs. Kemmler, formerly Miss Marguerite Drake, is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, of Long Beach and Los Angeles. The guests of the afternoon were intimate friends of Mrs. Kemmler.

Miss Mary Douglass, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Douglass, of Hollywood, was hostess recently at a dinner given in honor of Miss Agnes Macpherson, of Pasadena, who has just returned from New York City. After the dinner the young people motored to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ferry where dancing was enjoyed during the evening.

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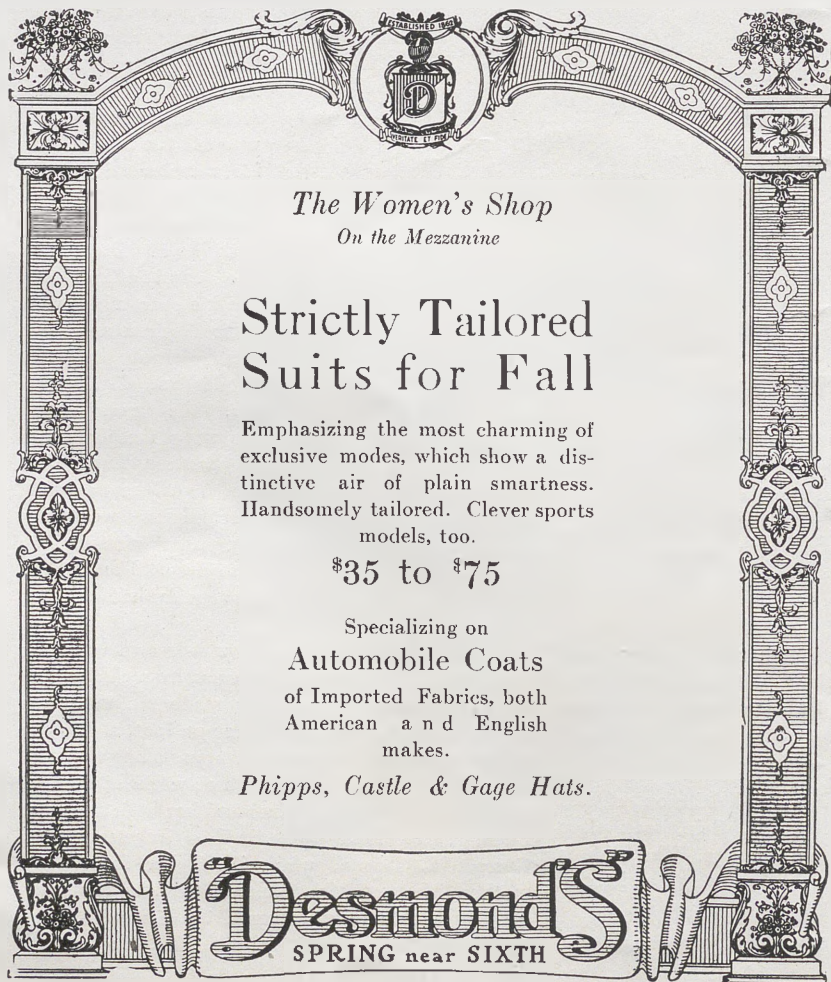
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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

VACATIONS must end some time, and what are our schools and colleges for if they are not to be attended? So many of our young people, after a jolly good time at home, are leaving on the educational trek to the north and to the other side of the continent. Among the Los Angelans who are leaving soon for the east to resume their studies are Miss Lucile Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips. Miss Phillips' departure is planned for September 10, when she will return to Vassar College for her senior year. She has been especially honored by election to the presidency of the Vassar school body for this coming semester; a distinction of which she may justly be proud. Incidentally, in her return to the east, Miss Phillips is delaying her marriage to Dr. Wayland Morrison, of Los Angeles. Miss Rosemary Rollins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins of Los Angeles, is another soon to leave for the east. Miss Rollins has been attending Miss Semple's School in New York and she will complete her studies there. Her brother, Hamilton Bowman Rollins, Jr., has returned home on a short leave of absence from the Presidio, where he recently was awarded a lieutenancy. Mr. Earl Wood and his sisters, Miss Mary Wood and Miss Grace Wood of Santa Monica, will be numbered among the students at the University of Arizona, and among the boys who are going eastward to school is Bertram G. Hancock, fourteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Allan Hancock, who will matriculate at Notre Dame University in Indiana this fall. Stanford and the University of California at Berkeley will, of course, draw the greater number of Southern Californians. Miss Katherine Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shirley C. Ward, and Miss Gladys Armstrong, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Armstrong of Los Angeles, have already enrolled at Berkeley and both are in the whirl of the gay "rushing" season now on. Miss Ward is a Lambda sorority girl and one of the most attractive of the sub-debs, while Miss Armstrong is extremely popular as a member of the Dix. Miss Julia Valentine, daughter of the W. L. Valentines, of South Pasadena, is another collegiate who left for Berkeley recently. She will enter upon her junior year there. From Santa Monica, Arthur Dudley, son of the P. J. Dudleys; Miss Lucy Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stewart; Walter Moody, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Moody; Miss Lucile Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones, and several others have left for the Univer-

sity of California. Stanford University has claimed Davis Richardson, son of Mrs. Davis Richardson of Los Angeles, and Joseph Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davis of Santa Monica; Jack Steele, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Steele, also of Santa Monica, will attend the University of Southern California. On the other hand, many are leaving for the Presidio. Those to join the second encampment to train for commissions there are John Shirley Ward, son of Mr. and Mrs. Shirley C. Ward of Los Angeles; Edwin L. Stanton, Garrett Winne, Claire Woolwine,

returned from the south after a long absence. While in Atlanta, Miss Walker visited her former home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, Jr., of Los Angeles, together with Miss Margaret Maurice and Miss Audrey Wells, have returned to Los Angeles after a delightful outing in Keen Camp, in the San Jacinto mountains.

Miss Louise Schuster has been visiting relatives and friends in Chicago, Des Moines, and Dubuque and is home again to her friends.

Many are leaving town for the various near-by resorts, as well as for eastern trips and northern points of interest, but quite as many are returning home again. Among these are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rivers, who motored up to Lake Tahoe several weeks ago. Miss Elsie Harris, of Los Angeles, has returned from a visit of two months in San Francisco. Mrs. Dora Thorkildsen, who has been in New York for the past four months, returned to her home at Beverly Hills a few days ago. Mrs. Thorkildsen, while in Boston was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lawson, and later was entertained by the daughters of Mr. W. M. Schweppe as their house guest. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fleming are back in Los Angeles after a pleasant week at Forest Home. Mrs. Frederick W. Flint, Jr., with her two daughters, Miss Muriel Flint and Miss Anna Katherine Flint, who left the first of July for a motor trip north, are home again. Mrs. Flint and Mrs. Russell Taylor motored to Yosemite and Lake Tahoe together with their children and were later joined by Mr. Taylor and Clark Keeley, the party then motoring farther north to Feather River Inn and Klamath, while Mrs. Flint with her daughters visited San Francisco. The Taylors have returned to Los



Matzene

MRS. EDWIN FRANCIS HOLMES

Of Pasadena, after a sojourn at Coronado is now enjoying the wondrous beauties of Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes will visit in San Francisco before their return next month

Paul Herron, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Herron; "Billy" Warfield, and innumerable others from Los Angeles and near cities. Ben E. Ward, Jr., will return to Los Angeles soon from New York, laying down his clever illustrator's brush and pencil for military service.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Stimson, of Los Angeles, and Lieutenant Paul S. Sein, took place in Syracuse, N. Y., a week or so ago. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. M. W. Stimson and a sister of Mr. Marshall Stimson.

Miss Jane Walker, daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, of Long Beach, has

Angeles.

Miss Julie Kie Christin, well-known contralto singer of Los Angeles, has returned from the Yosemite with friends. The party made the trip from Yosemite Valley to Lake Tahoe on foot, a distance of 180 miles, in a fortnight, camping along the way. After an enjoyable outing of three weeks at Squirrel Inn, Mrs. William W. Mines and her little daughter Patricia, are home again in Los Angeles. Mrs. Garrett L. Hogan, who visited her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Story, in Montana, early in the summer, returned the first of August. Soon after her arrival, Dr. and Mrs. Hogan with their children, left for La Jolla.



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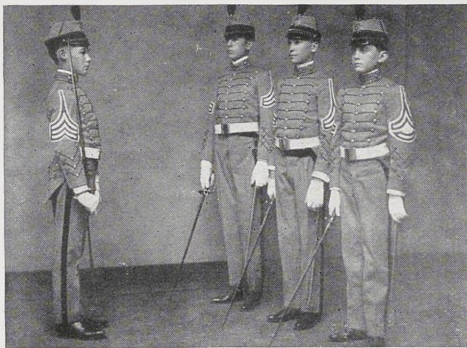
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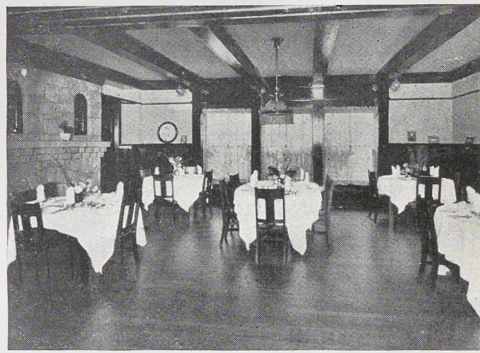
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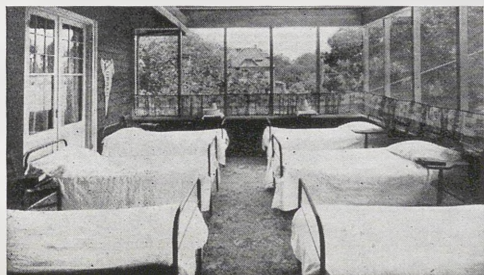
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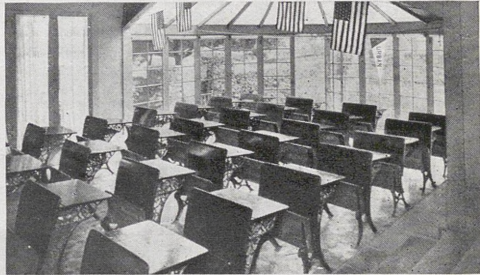
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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

EVERY day one hears that a friend has "run up" to San Francisco. Indeed it would seem as if the whole population of Los Angeles had migrated thence. In the lobbies of the Hotel Fairmont, the St. Francis, the Palace, and other of the popular San Francisco hostleries, there are, any number of friends or acquaintances, all apparently very much at home. One wanders down Market Street, and is everywhere greeted by folks from the home town. The Presidio is nigh to overflowing with them. Of course the training camp is the stellar attraction; for mothers, sisters, wives, and fathers too, are desirous of being as near their soldiers as they can, and for as long as possible. This same fact will take many from the south further northward during the time that the young men are quartered at American Lake.

Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, by reason of the former's duties, were compelled early in the summer to desert their home in Los Angeles temporarily for the northern city. Mrs. Miner, one of the most enthusiastic of the Navy League women, and an indefatigable worker in all the patriotic causes, accompanied her husband to San Francisco, and at once became as busily active in that city as she has been here. Her enthusiasm has been tireless, and so too, her knitting needle. Before she had been many weeks in San Francisco she had them all knitting—at least a large percentage of the women workers invested in needles and wool, and they have been busy at it ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle C. Anthony are also to reside in San Francisco for the present, having taken a suite at the Fairmont, where Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst are also guests. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony have had their hotel suite made more homelike and attractive by re-decorating the rooms in soft tones of gray with furniture in artistic keeping. They plan to maintain their home in Los Angeles for a while as occasional return trips will be made.

Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham has also been one of Los Angeles' northern visitors. She has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst at the Fairmont. While in San Francisco she has been the recipient of many delightful affairs. One of the many courtesies extended Mrs. Barham was a luncheon given at the Palace recently by Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner.

Mrs. Harlan Payne, of El Paso, Texas, is visiting her mother, Countess von Hindenberg of Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. Eltinge Brown and their little son are at Hermosa Beach for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. J. C. Kavanaugh and her daughters, Miss Kathleen and Miss Doreen Kavanaugh, of Los Angeles, have gone to Coronado for the remainder of the season. They are domiciled in the home of Mrs. Percival Thompson, formerly Miss Kavanaugh, who is just now at Wheaton, Ill.

Judge and Mrs. L. H. Valentine, and their daughters, Miss Jean and Miss Clara Valentine have motored to Lake Tahoe and San Francisco.

In honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sidney Francis of St. Louis, who has been her house guest this summer, Mrs. Robert P. Holmes, of Los Angeles, entertained at an Orpheum matinee party recently. Several of the other guests invited were also prominent St. Louis people. Mrs. Francis' husband is a son of former Governor Francis of Missouri; and he will be remembered as one of the trio of young men who, a few years ago, came west on an adventurous trip. At the Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, these Eastern scions remained "incognito" for a while during which time they officiated about the hotel as gardeners or in some other such work-world capacity. Recognition came eventually and the young men became the "lions" of the hour.

Miss Gladys Gwinne, daughter of Dr. Joseph W. Gwinne, superintendent

of schools of New Orleans, is the house guest of Mrs. James Irving of Los Angeles. Many affairs are being planned in honor of this attractive visitor from the South.

Miss Marguerite Eyer entertained at a dinner dance last Saturday evening, at the Los Angeles Country Club, in honor of her brother, Lieutenant William K. Eyer, who left Sunday evening for American Lake.

Miss Lucile Lander, daughter of Mrs. Annah E. Lander of Los Angeles, is home again after a visit of almost a year in Winona, Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Rule and their two little daughters, Alice and Winifred, together with Mrs. Rule's mother and sister Mrs. John Milner, and Mrs. Clara McDonald, who have been passing the month of August at Hermosa Beach, returned to Los Angeles, Wednesday.

Miss Katherine Barbour, daughter of Mrs. J. H. Barbour, of

Los Angeles, has returned after a visit of three months in Oregon. While in Medford, she was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Erickson. Mrs. Erickson will be remembered as Miss Gertrude Hanna, of Los Angeles, and her wedding about two years ago was an interesting event.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Taylor are entertaining as their house guest Mr. and Mrs. Harry Perkins of Camarillo, near Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins formerly made their home in Pasadena and have numerous friends both there and in Los Angeles.

Mrs. George Allan Hancock, and her daughter Rosemary, and son Bertram, are at Hotel del Coronado for an indefinite stay. They arrived Wednesday, August 22, accompanied by Miss Louise Glassell, also of Los Angeles. Among the recent arrivals there are Colonel George B. Pillsbury, U. S. A., Mrs. Pillsbury, and their three children, Mme. Ellis, and Miss F. E. Horne. Colonel Pillsbury is on the staff of Major General Frederick Strong, U. S. A., of the Fortieth National Guard division, and is stationed at Camp Kearney, Linda Vista. Motoring down from Los Angeles, Friday for the week end, were Mrs. J. J. Meyler, of Los Angeles, her son Robert, and her mother, Mrs. F. G. Gephard, and Miss Helen Jones, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones. They returned home Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Hook, of Los Angeles, and their two daughters Miss Anna Hook and Miss Dorothy Hook, motored down from Los Angeles, Thursday, for an indefinite visit. They were accompanied by Miss Eleanor Norcross and Miss Katherine Sanborn. Mr. and Mrs. James F. Baldwin, of Los Angeles, also motored down, for the weekend, joining their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mead Hamilton.



Goodale Bigelow

MISS RUTH RICHARDS

Of Coronado, who is now in France with the Motor Messenger Service of the Base Hospitals

The Hamiltons are passing their honeymoon at the hotel. Mrs. Hamilton was formerly Miss Katherine Redding of San Francisco. Former Lieut. Governor and Mrs. A. J. Wallace, of Los Angeles, were recent guests at Hotel del Coronado, motoring down for a few days. Dr. and Mrs. John R. Haynes, accompanied by Dr. Haynes' sister, Mrs. Walter Lindley, spent a week there, arriving August 21. Others who have come from Los Angeles of late are Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, and Mr. and Mrs. Asa D. Call. The latter, Mrs. Fleming's daughter, is a recent bride and will be remembered as Miss Margaret Fleming. Mrs. Fleming's other daughter and her son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Duque, joined them later in the week. Mr. and Mrs. David H. McCartney, of Los Angeles, who are vacationing at their summer home in La Jolla, motored over Saturday for the week end, attending the costume ball at the hotel, Saturday evening. Judge and Mrs. Frank G. Finlayson, and Miss Beatrice Finlayson, were among the guests at Hotel Coronada Saturday and Sunday.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS

(Continued from page 12)

Out of the two hundred and fifty girls at this school I found that a number each year enter Berkeley University as sophomores, their credits being high enough to skip the freshman year.

More or less the schools of the great southland follow the same plan of rigid adherence to simplicity. One school prints a list of the clothing all boarders must have, and no girl dares to overstep the boundary in number or make of her dresses for she would be subject to the amused smiles of the older members of the school directly she did so.

Some girls enter the private schools after graduating from high school hoping for an access of social prominence. Any desire of that kind is promptly squelched by the present day principals, and exceedingly few social affairs of any kind are held or fostered by the exclusive schools.

The trend is decidedly towards education and training of a more and more serious kind. One school specializes in music and art and has graduated several musicians of great talent and artists whose work is becoming well known.

Another academy makes writing and spelling and English grammar its particular feature and gives, as well, a course in journalism through which many have passed to the world of letters.

Still another school believes most keenly in physical culture and affords its pupils every facility for riding, swimming in its private pool, bowling, tennis and basket-ball, as well as for the regular gymnasium work given by every girls school.

The choice is unlimited and without exception the girl whose education is obtained in this vicinity is offered the additional splendid benefits of continuous open air and health-giving climatic conditions.

It is exactly the same with the boys being educated in the various military academies around.

Pretense, snobbishness, and the extravagant expenditure of money are being discouraged more and more. The boys are being taught the elemental values—courage, truth and sincerity are held out to them as enviable and desirable to the exclusion of selfish ambitions and interests.

As if influenced by the world-wide sweep of democracy across the continents, the democracy of the wide, free west is receiving inspiration and impetus towards a broader meaning, and the girls and boys of the day are subject to the strongest kind of morale, making for their own subsequent conviction that it is mind that matters most.

MOTHER TO A HUNDRED

(Continued from page 13)

then does it exactly so. I read in an educational journal a few days ago that among the requisitions made by various school districts for supplies for this fall there were hundreds that did not state the location of the district. When school opens there will be hundreds of hurry-up orders for supplies that could not be delivered because there was no address on the order. This is but a sample of our careless way of doing everything. Nothing is done *exactly* right. The great value of military training is the *exactness* it inculcates. When the military boy goes out into life he is in demand because he can take orders and carry them out *exactly* as told.

"This very definiteness is displeasing to some people. One of our graduates was thinking of entering a non-military high school. His mother proudly told the head master about her son and how systematic he was with all his work. 'Oh, that is all right,' said the head master, 'we would get him over that inside of a year.'

"Nearly all parents who call in regard to placing their sons in school are earnest people whose only thought is of the welfare of their children; but occasionally some one comes along who goes out of his way to create a favorable impression. I remember a lady who called with her little boy a number of years ago and who, after asking many questions, finally inquired, 'How often do you bathe the boys?' At that time we were in our old quarters overcoming as best we could the many disadvantages connected with an attempt to conduct a school in a private house. The fifteen bathrooms that are in our new quarters were lacking, and we had only the bathing facilities that a private house affords. Our bathing schedule was therefore adapted to our means, and I replied that he could have as many baths as she wished him to have, but that if she gave no orders on the subject he would get one tub bath a week.

"'One bawth a week!' she exclaimed, 'one bawth a week! Why, the very idea! I should want my boy to have a bawth and clean underwear every day.'

"But alas, the little boy wanted to come, and he saw his chance slipping. He nudged his mother and said, 'But you know, mama, I haven't been wearing any underclothing all summer.'"

While we talking Mr. Gibbs came in. He had been directing a force of carpenters, plasterers, and painters who are getting things ready for the fall opening.

"Your school has had a wonderful growth, Mr. Gibbs," I said. "What is the principal reason for your success?"

"The school has continued to grow," he replied, "because the boys come back year after year and bring others with them. They come back because their parents are pleased, and what pleases them is the way Mrs. Gibbs ministers to all their varying wants. Many a mother has told me that her son has said, 'Of course I love you better than anyone else, mama, but Mrs. Gibbs is next.'"

Mrs. Gibbs is a busy woman, but what reward could be greater than to be the object of such affection from this big family of many little boys?

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District No. 2—Counties of Lake, Napa, and portions of Mendocino, Sonoma, Marin, Solano, Yolo, Glenn, Colusa.

District No. 3—Portions of counties of Contra Costa, Alameda, San Francisco, San Mateo, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Kern, Fresno, Merced, Stanislaus, San Joaquin, San Benito, Ventura, Santa Barbara.

District No. 4—Portions of counties of San Bernardino, Imperial, San Diego, Riverside, Orange, Los Angeles, Mono, Inyo.

Districts No. 5 to 22 inclusive are fishing districts.

Districts 1a, 1b, 1c, 1d, 1e, 1f, 1g, 1h, 1i, 1j, 1k, 1l, 2a, 3a, 3b, 3c, 3d, 4a, 4b, 4c, 4d, 4e, 4f, are game refuges. Hunting forbidden. Fishing in accordance with law relating to main district in which refuge is located.

White Squares Indicate Open Season

Numbers in Squares are Open Dates

	DISTRICTS	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.
DEER	1-23-24 25-26 2-3								15	14			
RABBITS Cottontail and Brush	ALL											15	
TREE SQUIRRELS	ALL												
ELK ANTELOPE MOUNTAIN SHEEP	ALL												
SEA OTTER BEAVER	ALL												
BEAR Black and Brown	ALL												
FUR BEARING MAMMALS	ALL												
DUCKS, GESE JACK SNIPES MUD HENS	ALL										16		
Shore Birds (Except Jack Snipe) Rail, Wood Duck Wild Pigeon	ALL												
QUAIL Valley and Desert	ALL											15	
MOUNTAIN QUAIL	1-23-24 25-26 2-3-4											15	
SAGE HEN	ALL Except 4								15				
DOVE	ALL Except 1												
GROUSE	ALL									15	14		

SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

"What are you reading, Miss?"

"Oh, it's only a novel," replies the young lady; while she lays down her book with affected indifference, or momentary shame. It is only Cecilia, or Camilla, or Belinda; or in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit or humor, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language.

—Jane Austin.

WHAT reader of live fiction is there who has not sincerely wished to shake the honest hand of "Whispering Smith," hold pleasant and profitable converse with "Doctor Bryson," make ardent love to the "Daughter of a Magnate," and rescue "Nan of Music Mountain," from the many interesting dangers which assailed her? No maker of stories has ever created more real people than has Mr. Frank H. Spearman, whose versatility, unusual creative powers, and excellent literary style have long since stamped him one of the foremost novelists of our country. Romance and realism, subtly combined, make his Western stories or his railroad tales equally delightful. From his almost uncanny knowledge of the Rocky Mountain atmosphere, one would be constrained to pronounce Frank Spearman a "dyed in the wool" Westerner, but despite that conviction, there exists the fact that he *was* of the effete East, having happened West through the chance of ill health which, in his early twenties, blocked the way to a physician's career he had set himself to follow. With him, as with most appreciative and impressionable people, the Land of the Setting Sun exerted her magic spell, and Mr. Spearman has finally disentangled himself from the demands of his erstwhile busy life and, having built a home in that haven of rest and beauty—Hollywood, he announces himself a Californian, thus giving us of the southland another star in our brilliant firmament.

"SUMMER," by Edith Wharton, is an exceedingly clever and well written book. Its cleverness lies in the fact that Mrs. Wharton has taken a "Way Down East" plot with the conventional villain, ignorant country girl, and seduction forgiving hero, (the stuff of which melodrama is made), and has written it so beautifully that one loses sight of the lack of originality. There is a Bjornson-like subtlety about Mrs. Wharton, who has returned to her earlier style of writing, and even, one might add, there is a touch of unpleasantness. The situation, however, has been dealt with so delicately, that it is not in the least offensive. "Charity" and "Mr. Royall" are beautifully pictured. Yet in spite of its literary excellence, the book fails to grip one as did "The House of Mirth." Notwithstanding all Mrs. Wharton's art and ability, in this instance she has wasted herself on a commonplace. (SUMMER, by Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Co.)

JUST ten years ago this summer, E. F. Benson's "Sheaves" appeared. It is perhaps the best book that Mr. Benson has ever written, for he is always at his happiest when dealing with music. "Sheaves" was a heart-gripping, soul-stirring tale, and "Michael" (Mr. Benson's latest book) very nearly equals it. "Michael," too, concerns itself with music, and it contains some excellent character delineation. "Michael" is a most satisfying hero, and "Sylvia Falbe" and her brother, "Hermann," are all that could be desired in their respective ways. The parents of "Michael" are also living

portraits; and so the story holds one from beginning to end. The strength of the entire book is contained in its climax; and "Sylvia's" action is not in the least illogical under the circumstances. Mr. Benson's work is the best war novel that has appeared in England since "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" and it deserves the great success that it will undoubtedly obtain, both through its own merits and the broad-mindedness of its author. (MICHAEL by E. F. Benson. The George H. Doran Company.)

ALTHOUGH "The Good Girl" by Vincent O'Sullivan is well-written, exceptionally well-written, but it is a most disagreeable book. In many ways the book is as realistic as "Madame Bovary," and like Flaubert's greatest work it is a pitiless record of a particularly vulgar liaison. Mr. O'Sullivan, unlike Elinor Glyn, Victoria Cross, *et al.*, does not try to justify vice. His characters are well-drawn. Vendred, Louise, the unscrupulous Dover, and his racing friends live and breathe. There is some faulty psychology in the tale that makes certain reactions of the characters highly improbable. It does not seem possible that a man of Vendred's calibre should have allowed Dover to mulct him of thousands of pounds, or to trap him into the clumsy marriage with Louise, *before* becoming a slave to Mrs. Dover. The sordid tale told by the Frenchman concerning Louise makes us gasp. The book is a riot of sex complexes from cover to cover; but the author has failed to depict logically the degenerate life that he seems to know so well. In short "The Good Girl" is the kind of book that leaves one in doubt as to its intended mission. (THE GOOD GIRL by Vincent O'Sullivan. Small, Maynard Co.)

"THE Yeoman Adventurer," by George W. Gough, is a rattling good swashbuckling tale—Gadzooks, yes! It is full of swords, nut-brown ale, fishes, yokels, sojers, wicked, wicked noblemen, journeys over seas, and girls with golden hair, red hair, and every other kind of hair. The hero, who is an oaf, a yokel, a farmer, etc., reads Latin, learns Italian (to make love in), and shows gentlemen how to behave in a gentlemanly way. A cause rattles through the pages and there is much fighting and lots and lots of blug. Boy Scouts will like this book, and Campfire Girls will probably term it "just dandy." And too, there will be lots of big boys and girls from twenty on that will find it just the thing for the summer hotel piazza. Zounds! (THE YEOMAN ADVENTURER by George W. Gough. G. P. Putnam Sons.)



FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Popular novelist, who has recently come to make his home in Southern California

THE Great American Novel must always be something of a myth. It is like Colonel Bogey, only more so. There never should be the one great book that is to stand out head and shoulders above the rest for all time. Such a book would be absolute, and human endeavor can never be absolute; that must be left to infinity.

To write adequately of "El Supremo" by Edward Lucas White, one would have to make a careful and painstaking analysis. Any review of this book would have to be in the nature of an appreciation, rather than a criticism, for it is a stupendous piece of work. I cannot think of a novel that has been written in this country for the last ten years that comes up to it in any way. As a historical novel, it is faultless in its realism; it is a piece of literature magnificently written; and places and people have been painstakingly drawn—startlingly drawn—without in the least sacrificing spontaneity. The dinner at Mayorga's house is written of so realistically that the reader actually feels stuffed, and one is inclined to dodge the pellets of bread thrown by the company

at table. If Mr. White's portrait of Dr. Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia be true, he is entirely justified in his statement that this dictator of Paraguay was one of the greatest men that ever lived.

Any writer that can produce a novel seven hundred pages in length without boring the reader has the art of storytelling down to a fine point; and one is actually sorry when the tale of "El Supremo" is told. One does not read this book; one lives it, and finds it real and fascinating. I am not afraid to say that I think "El Supremo" one of the greatest novels that I have ever read in my life, and I regard the genius of Edward Lucas White with reverence and awe. (EL SUPREMO by Edward Lucas White. E. P. Dutton and Company. New York.)

"MY Mother and I", by E. G. Stern, is a true story of the melting pot. It shows us how a Polish Jewess can be made into a good American citizen. It also shows us that a little girl can grow away from her mother when, through education, she changes language and custom. Mrs. Stern is a woman of whom the United States may feel proud. In the melting she has acquired that nice social balance to render her of the uttermost service to her community. She has given her adopted country "Little Son," who will swell the ranks of good citizens one of these days. The book is really much needed, for it should help to dispel the ignorant, blind hatred that so many of us have for the Jew. We are so apt to forget that a dislike for the individual should not imply a dislike for race. Doubtless, there are many bad Jews; but there are many bad Irishmen, Italians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans as well. If we try to shift our dislike to religious grounds, it may be well to remember that not every Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, or Methodist is a saint. Mary Antin, Israel Zangwill, and Mrs. Stern have inside information concerning their race, and their books will help us get at the truth, therefore, they are most welcome. The world should be getting to the place where ignorance and prejudice should not allow it to regard the Jew blindly. With the possible exception of the ancient Greeks, the Jews have been more responsible than any other race for our

modern ethical standards. (MY MOTHER AND I by E. G. Stern. The Macmillan Company.)

"THE Ordeal by Fire," by Marcel Berger, is a disappointing war book. Written by a sergeant in the French army, one naturally presupposes vitality; but the book is vague, shadowy; and the two principal characters are phantom-like. The work is confusing, owing to a lack of unity throughout. The episodes do not hang together well and this causes some confusion in the mind of the reader. It lacks the vitality and strength that is to be found in The War Madame. (THE ORDEAL BY FIRE by Marcel Berger. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Journal of Leo Tolstoi," by Rose Strunsky, Alfred Knopf; "Rebirth of Russia," by Marcossion, "Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard," by Coolbirth, John Lane Co.; "The Fighting Men," by Alden Brooks; "A World in Ferment," by Nicholas Murray Butler; "The House With the Mezzanine," by Antone Tchekoff; "Towards the Goal," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Charles Scribner's Sons; "Sport of Kings," by A. S. Roche, Bobbs-Merrill Co.; "Mexican Problem," by C. W. Barron; "British Navy at War," by MacNeil Dixon, Houghton, Mifflin Co.; "Look-Out Man," by Bower; "Amarilly in Love," Ray Maniates, Little, Brown & Co.; "Christine," by Alice Cholmondeley, Macmillan Co.; "Kenny," by Leona Dalrymple, Reilly, Britton Co.; "California and Other Verse," by Howard L. Terry, Palisades Press; "Salt of the Earth," by Mrs. Sidgwick, W. J. Watt & Co.; "Algernon Charles Swinburne," by Mrs. Disney Leith, Putnam Co.; "The Love Letters of St. John," "Jap Herron," "Kelly of the Foreign Legion," "Spirit Intercourse," Mitchell Kennerley.

THE extraordinary revival of interest being evinced in Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" has prompted D. Appleton & Co. to re-issue it in a new thin paper edition, attractively bound in semi-flexible fabric. The new edition will contain a foreword by Guy Empey, the author of "Over the Top."

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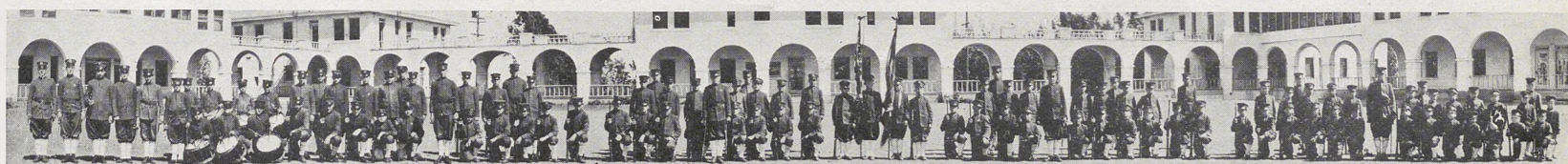
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In spite of the high quality of all the private schools of Los Angeles, only two schools for boys in this county are placed on the list of best schools by Porter E. Sargent, the greatest of all authorities on American private schools. One of these two is a high school, the other is Page Military Academy.

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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By. W. FRANCIS GATES

THAT enterprising journal, "Musical America" has been securing data from all over the country as to the effect that conscription will have on musical organizations. It is found that the chief sufferers will be the men's choruses, followed by the mixed choruses and by some of the younger orchestras. The American orchestra of Chicago lost about twenty men; fifteen were subject to conscription in the Philadelphia orchestra; thirty men were lost from the Philadelphia Hymen Operatic Society, and thirty more expect to be conscripted. The Philadelphia Choral Union is minus sixteen young men. Denver and Seattle clubs lost many members; and so it goes, all over the country. Los Angeles choruses have been hit in a similar way, as related in a recent number of this journal. Naturally, the choruses that have the larger proportion of young people feel the call the worst. All this is to be expected. There is no distinction between the musical and unmusical—though the consensus of opinion of military and psychological experts is that the element in a man which makes him musical also makes him a better soldier. Certain generals in command of training camps have urged the group and mass singing practice, for they say a singing soldier is better than a mute soldier. He marches better, his morale is better, he is more resilient and more recuperative.

AND YET there is another side to this musical matter. Men of rare skill have been drafted, all over the country. To name a few, there are David Hochstein, violinist; Albert Spalding, violinist; Percy Grainger, pianist; Pietro Yon, organist; Rudolph Reuter, pianist; Herman Felber, violinist; Theo. Karle, tenor; Frank Bibb, pianist; Marshall Kernochan, composer—and a host of others. Now these men are the recipients of rare talents at the hands of nature. They can not be duplicated at once. They do a work for the country that no one else can do. Even a bank president has a dozen shadows waiting for his position; but how many candidates are there for the place of Percy Grainger? Consequently it is sheer bone-headedness that would put these men in the firing line, subject to loss or mutilation. See how near Fritz Kreisler came to it. The whole world was glad that he escaped, and that the Austrian government finally had the sense to preserve his talent to the world. He could stop only one bullet. Any yokel could do that—and Austria has plenty of them. It is right that these men should serve their country—and they make no objection to that obligation. But a sensible government would put them into some service such as hospital base, clerical or commissary, where they would do a man's full work, and yet preserve their talent for their country.

France and Italy are doing this to some extent, though the enthusiasm of many of their artists is sending them to the battlefield.

France not only considers it essential that life artistic should continue within her own shores, but she is sending her artists abroad to spread the gospel of French art. She has sent to the United States, Bonnet, Lortat, Thibaud and others, and soon she is to send the famous Symphony Orchestra from the National Conservatoire. Austria put Fritz Kreisler into the trenches, but he soon came out again, being exempted by his government from further service, whereupon he, too, came to the States. Russia affords a striking example of a nation's realizing the uselessness of sending the musician into the trenches, in the case of Mischa Elman, who was exempted from even the nine months routine, on the personal order of the Czar.

When Percy Grainger can get a day off what does he do? Rest, or go to a pink tea? No, he takes a train or a motor and hikes away in his regimentals to give a piano recital somewhere, and all the proceeds go to the Red Cross society. He has turned over perhaps five thousand dollars from that source during his enlistment, short as it has been. Isn't that a lot better for the country and for the army than to stand him up to be shot at, with a bare possibility of his hitting the other fellow? At present Grainger is playing in a

regimental band; nice enough now, but not a good subject for life insurance in Europe. The other governments are learning to conserve their rare talents and are turning them to better use than shrapnel-stoppers. Will our government learn before sacrifice—or after?

A REPERTOIRE of seventy operas is a musical equipment of which not many singers west of the Atlantic coast can boast; and yet that is the musical history of Anna Hesse-Sprotte, who has for a few months been living in Los Angeles. Mrs. Sprotte is a native of Prague, Bohemia. She made her debut in Mainz, singing Azucena in "Trovatore". Among her leading roles are Ortrud in "Lohengrin", Amneris in "Aida", the contralto parts in the "Nibelungen Ring", and Carmen. She has been in America twelve years, giving most of her time to teaching and concert work, although she organized an opera company in Seattle a few years ago, and successfully presented fourteen operas. Mrs. Sprotte has been heard but little in Los Angeles, although she sang twice before the Gamut club, very effectually winning the admiration of that body of connoisseurs.



ANNA HESSE-SPROTTE

Whose delightful voice combines Mezzo-Soprano and Contralto Compass, and who has a Repertoire of Seventy Operas

HAVE you ever seen the friendship of Damon and Pythias exemplified? Well, that was the sort of love that existed between Tom Karl, the noted tenor of the Bostonians, and Dillon Dewey. When both lived in Los Angeles, seldom was Karl seen at a concert, or at a social function, without the amiable Dewey in the background. And now they are united again. About a year ago Karl died in the east, and now the report comes of the death of Mr. Dewey, in Rochester, New York, at the home of his sister. When Karl, McDonald, and Barnabee organized "The Bostonians" opera company, Dewey was put in charge of the business end of the organization, and he contributed as much to the success of the organization as any member that was on the stage. Altogether, they brought the company to a leading place in the country at that day. The friendship of Karl and Dewey was more than that of brothers, and it was a delight to see the love, and admiration, and trust that existed between these two men, in a day when demonstrations of friendship too often dwindle to a "Hello" and "Good-Bye".

THE Orpheus club soon will begin rehearsals for its next season's concerts, in spite of the fact that a number of the men were drawn in the conscription. About fifty of the seventy-five members are of service age, so Director J. P. Dupuy reports. The officers elected by the club for the coming season are as follows: J. G. Warren, president; C. C. Putman, vice president; J. R. Rutherford, corresponding secretary; Roy Charlton, recording secretary; C. P. Longwell, treasurer; Ivan Zuber, librarian; Board of Directors: J. H. Jaffery, W. E.

White, Frederick Miller, Frederick Herrmann. Joseph P. Dupuy is director and Will Garroway is the accompanist.

IT WAS expected that the Zoellner quartet and their families would be in Los Angeles for the summer, where they had planned to be since their first visit here last winter. But a pleasant fate has decreed otherwise. A letter from Joseph Zoellner, Jr. tells me that they are the guests of a Mrs. Ward, at Wyoming, New York, a most remarkable woman of seventy, who has the life and ambition that one generally associates with young people. At present there are thirty persons there as her guests on her estate, all of them men and women of unusual intelligence and education. The conversation is "highbrow". With such an atmosphere as this for their preparation of programs for the coming season, there certainly should be nothing lacking in the intellectuality of the quartets they will offer next year. Incidentally, I notice that, in speaking of the retirement of the Kneisel quartet, the "Musical Courier" mentions the Zoellner quartet among those ranking next in artistic polish; which by the way, is now composed of a grandfather, a father, an aunt, and an uncle.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Orcutt, and their daughter, Miss Gertrude Orcutt, have returned home after a pleasant week at Del Mar.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Laura Wells Stone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Stone of Binghamton, N. H., and Mr. Donald Phinney Goodwin, son of Mrs. G. H. A. Goodwin of Hollywood. "Don," the name by which Mr. Goodwin was happily known in Los Angeles, was one of the most popular of the younger bachelors, and until recently was president of the Goodwin Realty company. The bride has had a generous share of popularity at Binghamton.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Hunt, of Los Angeles, are planning to leave the first of September for an extended eastern trip. When they return home they will be accompanied by Mr. Hunt's mother, Mrs. Ellen Hunt, who will visit them for a time.

Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham is visiting in San Francisco, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel recently in honor of Mrs. Barham, and other attentions are being showered upon this charming visitor in the northern city.

Mrs. George Crenshaw, of Los Angeles, left a week ago for Kansas City, Mo., where she will join her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Crenshaw plan to celebrate their fortieth wedding anniversary there on September 12, after which they will go on to Chicago, Washington, and New York. Mrs. Loren Crenshaw, a daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Crenshaw, with her little daughter, is passing a month at Catalina, while her husband is on a hunting trip. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson, who have been making their home with Mrs. Wilson's father and mother, the senior Crenshaws, will return to their own home in Wilton Place, which has been occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hickman for the past year. Mr. and Mrs. Hickman, the latter remembered as Miss Bessie Barriscale, have leased a home in Hollywood.

Of interest to society in Southern California as well as in San Francisco, Oakland, and the northern part of the state, was the marriage of Miss Carmen Ghirardelli and Mr. George Baker, Jr., which took place in Piedmont, August 22. After a brief wedding trip the young couple will go to American Lake, Washington, where Mr. Baker is to report for war service. The bride has been a frequent visitor in Los Angeles and has a large circle of friends here.

Mrs. Henry S. Cheney and her daughter, Miss Mabel Secley, have returned from the east where they passed much

of their time in Chicago, visiting Yellowstone Park on the way west, and favoring San Francisco for a time. They are at home to their friends on South Figueroa street.

Miss Ruth Huntsberger and Mr. Vernon Spencer, of Los Angeles, accompanied by Miss Huntsberger's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Huntsberger, motored to Santa Barbara last week where the young people were married. The marriage culminates a romance begun when the bride became a student of Mr. Spencer, who is an accomplished pianist. Following a honeymoon trip that will extend well into September, Mr. Spencer and his bride will return to Los Angeles where they will be domiciled permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carlton Lee, who are living in the Ralph Williams' home in Los Angeles, entertained at dinner recently at the Los Angeles Country Club. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor and the latter's son, Mr. Clark Keeley, who have just returned from a motor trip through the north; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Rogers, Mr. Gurney Newlin, and Mr. Wilson, a nephew of the Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucien N. Brunswig, of Los Angeles, have as their guest Lieutenant Robert Mairesse, the distinguished young French aviator. Lient. Mairesse won distinction for his bravery in the battle of the Marne. While in this country he will assist in training aspirants to the aviation corps.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh F. Stewart, of Alhambra, who with their two small children motored to Tahoe two or three weeks ago, are expected home in a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Barker, who passed the early part of the summer at Hermosa Beach, are among those who motored to this charming resort for a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baxter, of Pasadena, and their little son, Master Phillip, had planned a trip north this summer anticipating a few weeks of out-door life at the camp near Lake Tahoe, and which is owned by Mr. Baxter's father and mother; but the plans were changed and the camp was sold instead. However the family will enjoy Hermosa Beach the remainder of the summer. Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Barton, accompanied by their son, Chandler Barton, have motored to Tahoe to be absent a month or more. Mme. Helen Thorner and her small daughter, Juliette, are vacationing at Avalon. Mr. and Mrs. L. Frank Baum, of Hollywood, have motored to Coronado for an extended visit. Mr. Baum is the author of the "Wizard of Oz" and other fairy tales, for which he is justly famed.

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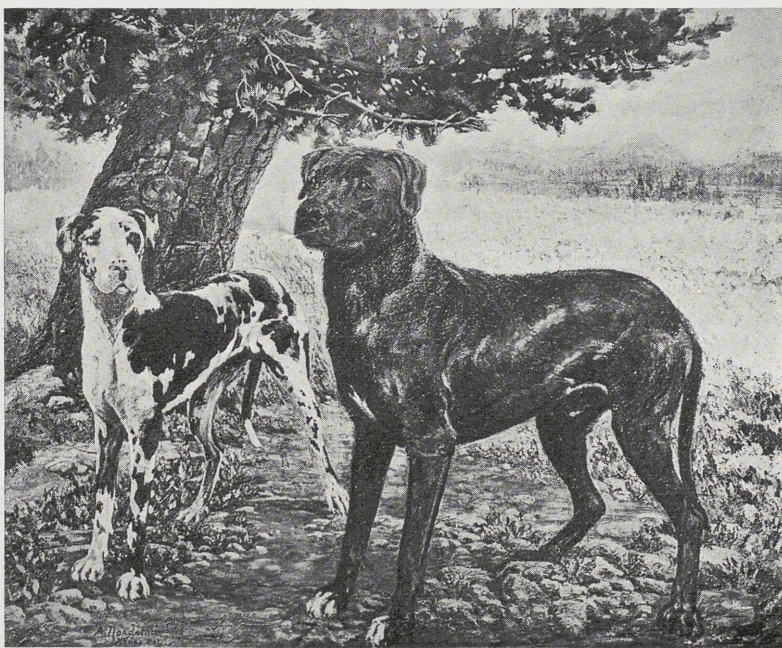
By R. C. HALSTED

WE ARE happy to say that Mrs. Baldwin's first experience at staging a Dog Show has been in every way a success. The entry should have been a few more in numbers than it was, but in view of the fact that coats in this climate are at their worst during the dead of summer, many exhibitors are unable to put their stock down in condition. However the actual number of dogs benched was equal to that of last year's Bay Side event; which is really more than should be expected in war times. The show was held for the benefit of the American Red Star Animal Relief, of which Mrs. Baldwin is the leader in Southern California, and a considerable sum will be realized for that cause as a result of the show. The net amount cannot be stated at this writing, as the various bills have not been presented and final figures obtained. The quality of the stock in most breeds was exceptionally good; and the judging ring often presented the keenest competition. Mr. Harry B. Hungerford, of Glencoe, Illinois, made the segregations in all breeds with popular results. He went about his work thoroughly and intelligently; his eye is fast, and often he caught details that surprised the exhibitor. All in all it was a good job of judging; and the ribbons went pretty much as they should. The superintendent was made a little uneasy on two occasions by the somewhat tardy appearance of His Honor; the curtain didn't go up on time, paid admissions yawned, and exhibitors asked for more pep in the running of things; but eventually we found that there had been a puncture and a couple of blowouts, so we all gave him a round of applause and went to work. The judging of unclassified, or all around specials, on Saturday night, brought out a good crowd of fanciers; and the interest was acute throughout the evening. The trophy for best in show, either sex, any breed, was offered by Mrs. Anita M. Baldwin, and was won by the sensational smooth fox terrier, "Sabine Racery," owned by Dr. Gordon T. Courtenay, of San Diego. This little dog was bred by Mr. Farwell of the Sabine Kennels, Orange, Texas, and is considered to be one of the best smooths living. Mr. John F. Powers, owner of the Los Angeles Baseball Club, and president of the Los Angeles Kennel Club, offered a trophy for best in show opposite sex. Dr. W. C. Billings and Mrs. Billings, owners of the Bilmer Kennels in Burlingame, showing the superlative Airedale bitch, "Fol-de-rol," easily captured this trophy. It is a compliment to any show to receive a Bilmer entry—the quality of their stock, and the condition in which their dogs are invariably shown, bears us out in this statement. The superintendent's champagne goblet, for best conditioned dog in the show, was won by "Albourne Bombardier,"



MISS VALERIE MAHN

And the well known winning Collie "Glenisla Janice." Miss Mahn is a famous swimmer, and for two years has been the runner-up at the Golden Gate Swim at San Francisco



GREAT DANE

Owned by Dr. L. C. Graf, of Duarte

owned by H. M. Robertson, of Laman-da Park. This little dog is a Scotty, and at home responds to the name of "Sam." He never was shown in better form, and rightfully got away with the win. The Golden Gate Kennel Club's cup, for best puppy in show, went to "Moneta Antoinette," from the Moneta Kennels. Mr. Connelly, the owner, has several attractive offers for her, and she promises well. Mrs. Connor with her Cocker was awarded a win on Mrs. Baldwin's handsome chocolate set for the largest entry artistically benched. The Bellmore entry, for which Mrs. Connor is responsible, is always extensive and extremely pleasing to the eye. This chocolate set is valued at several hundred dollars and was designed and copyrighted by the donor. The first exhibitor to score four wins on it will bear it away, and it is probably the most valuable trophy ever offered on the coast, the competition from now on will no doubt be increased. Mr. J. C. Netz, with his wire haired fox terrier bitch, "Gray Eagle Matford's Result", won the Garden City Kennel Club's cup for best sporting dog. She is truly a good one. Mrs. Martin I. Smith's trophy for best non-sporting went to our new arrival. Miss Minnie Bullock of the Imna Kennels, the winner being "Champion Billesley Blue Cap," of the blue marled type. He is a handsome dog, and has won consistently on the eastern circuits. Best Toy went to "Rossmoyne Black Imp," Mrs. Robertson's Pom. Like some of the other breeds, this dog was not shown in a good coat, but Mr. Hungerford, allowing for that, considered him good enough to take Mr. Chilton's bit of silver. Best brace went to the Imna collies, the trophy being offered by the Brae Brook Kennels of Santa Rosa. The cup for best team, offered by the Bay Side Kennel Club, was carried away by Martin I. Smith, Jr., with his four attractive little wires.

Winners of the breed specials were as follows: Best Great Dane, Dr. L. C. Graf's "Dryad"; best opposite sex, Dr. Graf's "Tresor"; best Russian Wolf hound, Mrs. E. M. Billings' "Borys"; best English Setter, Mrs. Ellen B. Churchill's "Lady Betty Barrett"; best Irish Setter, Miss Rene Barker's "Tipperary"; best opposite sex, Minnie E. Moulton's "Princess Molly"; best Cocker Spaniel, Ruth M. Smith's "Bellmore Result"; opposite sex to Bellmore Kennel's "Ch. Bellmore Buffkins"; best Dachshund to C. A. Behm's "Bergmann von Waidmannslust"; opposite sex, Mrs. E. A. McClure's "Carla von Jaegerhaus"; best Collie to Imna Kennel's "Ch. Billesley Blue Cap"; opposite sex, Imna's "St. Helen's Simplicity"; best German Sheep dog to Mr. Matern's "Alarich von Maternhof"; opposite sex, Matern's "Petra von Maternhof"; best Poodle to Mrs. Rufus Paine Spaulding's "Ranserdoux"; best Bull dog to Mrs. W. H. Taylor's "Candover Irish

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Pilot"; best fox terrier, Dr. Gordon T.
Courtenay's "Sabine Racery"; oppos-
ite sex, J. C. Netz's "Gray Eagle
Matford's Result"; best Irish terrier,
Chas. H. Lowe's "Lord Demon";
best Scottish terrier, H. M. Robert-
son's "Albourne Bombardier"; op-
posite sex, R. Mander's "Champion
Kildarton Heather"; best schipperke,
Imna Kennel's "Imna Romeo"; op-
posite sex, "Champion Imna Zaza";
best Pomeranian, Rossmoyne Kennel's
"Rossmoyne Black Imp"; opposite
sex, Rossmoyne Kennel's "Rossmoyne
Penelope"; best Pekingese won by
Paula D. Beauchamp with "Memento";
opposite sex to Mrs. Robertson's
"Peke O'Ruby"; best toy poodle to
Mrs. Courtney's "Girlie."

A meeting of the Los Angeles
Kennel Club was held last Tues-
day; and the dates for their initial
bow fixed for November 15th, 16th,
and 17th. One of the best judges in
the United States is to be selected for
the event. His name will no doubt
be announced in the next issue of
THE GRAPHIC. The office for the show
is located at 1009 Security Bldg.,
5th and Spring streets, where the fancy
in general are invited to call for in-
formation. The officers of the club are:
John F. Powers, president; William
Welch Cockins, vice president; Free-
man Ford, director; J. M. Danziger,
director, and R. C. Halsted, secretary-
treasurer. This first event is to be
given for the benefit of the American
Red Star and, using that cause as an
incentive, every effort will be made to
make this affair greater and better
than any dog show yet given in South-
ern California. The men connected
with this club want the support of
every fancier in the west, and respect-
fully request the co-operation of all
persons interested. Specialty clubs
are urged to stimulate the entries
in their various breeds, and thereby
make as many three, four and five
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By WINFIELD HOGABOOM

A book came to me a few days ago for review. It is entitled "The Mexican Problem." I took it home with me that evening to read it, and write the review. Opening it, after dinner, I read it for a while, becoming more and more interested in it as I turned the pages. "This is a remarkable book; a wonderful book," I said to myself, and read on.

Quite soon I found that the Mexican problem, as the thought of this author, Mr. Clarence W. Barron, has it, is not how to get rid of Villa, nor is it how to secure a loan from the United States, nor yet, how to secure more ammunition so that the warring factions in Mexico may the more speedily exterminate each other, and permit the few who survive the struggle to enjoy what little is left. No, the Mexican problem is something apart from all that. Here is what Mr. Barron says:

"This is the need of Mexico today—opportunity to labor, opportunity for the family, opportunity for food, clothing, better shelter and better social conditions. And this is exactly what American and European capital and organization have brought to Tampico, attracted by its underground wealth, and this is what will ultimately redeem Mexico and forward her people by industrial opportunity."

I got to thinking that over, forgetting that I was reading the book merely to review it, and trying to get at the slant the author had taken on Mexico. I took it for granted that an author with the insight and the perspective of this one would not be apt to place before his readers a statement of this import and then neglect to say how this thing might be done. So I read on, knowing that somewhere in the book I would find the answer to the problem. Who was going to supply this need—to present this opportunity to the people of Mexico? Imagine my surprise to learn, after I had read further, that it is none other than our own Mr. E. L. Doheny who is going to do it—who has done some of it already.

Here is the way the author puts it: "Tampico was a cattle shipping point with less than twenty thousand people when Doheny began operations there. Today, it has a population of fifty thousand, and wages that were twelve and one-half cents are now one dollar for ordinary labor and three dollars and fifty cents for skilled labor. Doheny believes that the time will arrive when coal burning locomotives can be used profitably only in the coal regions. It has been demonstrated that an oil burning engine can carry a train from New York to the Pacific and back to New York without refueling. Doheny believes that the beginnings of markets, the beginnings of incentive, the beginnings of accumulation, are in the uncovering of large natural or planetary wealth. The future of Mexico is already foretold, he believes, because there is in Mexico exactly what American and European civilizations are demanding for the world's progress.

You can see now what Mr. Doheny is doing to solve Mexico's problem, can't you? Something for the Mexican people to do. The opportunity!

And that's how I got to thinking.

One Saturday, many years ago, when I was a cub reporter on the old Los Angeles HERALD, Otheman Stevens, now of the EXAMINER, and then city editor of the HERALD, called me into his office and said: "There is some sort of an idiot by the name of Doheny who is digging for oil out near the old Second street park somewhere. I'm going away tomorrow, and I want you to run the city desk, and also to go out in the afternoon, after you get the details out, and hunt up this crazy man and find out what he is trying to do. Don't let him bunco you, though. I know your failing, you've got too much imagination. You make him show you the oil, if he claims he's found any. Write a good story on it, if it's any good, but don't use too much imagination."

So I went out to the place that afternoon and found a man drilling a hole into a side hill. But it wasn't Doheny. It was his partner, Canfield. He told me that Mr. Doheny had gone back to San Francisco, but would be back later in the afternoon, and showed me the house in which Mr. Doheny lived. It was a small white cottage just a couple of blocks away, at the bottom of the ravine.

I went down there and waited on the porch for the return of Mr. Doheny. Soon a smallish man, nothing much for looks, came ambling along with a satchel in his hand. He turned in at the gate and came up the walk.

"Are you Mr. Doheny?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; what do you want?"

"I want to talk to you about oil."

"I can't talk to you now; I've just got back from San Francisco. I've been trying to get Mr. Scott of the Union Iron Works to build me a tank steamer to carry the oil to San Francisco."

"Have you got any oil yet?"

"No, but we're going to get it."

I must have permitted a look of incredulity to steal into my eyes. I was thinking of what Stevens, the city editor, had said about not letting him bunco me.

"You don't believe it, do you?" he asked, before I had said another word. "Say, do you see all those hills over there," and he pointed to the knobby ridge that runs down through the city of Los Angeles, clear from where we stood to what used to be Buena Vista street, and is now North Broadway. "There's oil under all of those hills. There'll be hundreds of derricks on those hills some day."

So I went back to the office and wrote the story. I tamed it down considerably, remembering what Stevens had said. Instead of saying hundreds of oil derricks I said dozens. I made the assertion, though, that if oil was struck in Los Angeles it would make business better. I also said that it was not beyond the range of possibilities that some day or other oil would be shipped by water from San Pedro harbor clear to San Francisco, for fuel purposes. The story appeared in the Herald the next morning. I was acting city editor and I put it in the paper myself.

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THE BOOK BRIGADE

By GERTRUDE ELLES DARLOW

THIS is the very latest "bit" you can do for the soldier. Everybody is enlisted! No exemptions! Buy books; give books. From every camp come requests for reading matter. In an article in Collier's an appeal is made by an ex-soldier; "Flood him, deluge him, swamp him with books." The experience of the Allied armies speaks for itself. "I don't know how we should live without books," writes one soldier; "I am just waiting till my pal has finished, to get hold of his book," writes another. "We have no books," is the wail from an isolated group. "There is nothing like a book for taking your mind off what you have seen," says a message from France. "The lads were never so pleased in their lives as when I told them I had some books for them," is the way one corporal puts it. An extract from an officer's letter tells the same story; "most of the men were lying about with nothing to do. When I said I had a box of books for them, they were around me in a minute, and in less than no time each had a book—at least as far as they would go—and those not quick enough were trying to persuade the lucky ones to read to them." The Camps Library has dealt since the beginning of the war with nine million publications.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke said recently, "There is nothing more important in keeping up the morale of an army than a supply of good reading for the men in the hours of enforced inactivity. The troops today are largely made up of men who were part of the reading public at home, and books will seem like friends to them. The New York Public Library sent sixty-five copies of Berton Braley's "Songs of A Workaday World" to the camps on the border last summer, and reports that the books were literally torn to pieces with use. The Boston Transcript thinks the men should have the books they want, and not the books they are supposed to want, and the Massachusetts Library Commission has recognized this fact by including in its Field Libraries a liberal number of detective stories. Indeed, they can use in the camps, any amount of fiction by Kipling, Doyle, Beach, Jacobs, Oppenheim, Ian Hay, and a host of other good fellows and good writers. The London Times in an appeal for reading matter said, "You are feeding the soldiers' bodies, but they need food for the mind as well as the stomach," and an English novelist, describing his visits to the front in Flanders and France, tells of a man who was reading Macaulay's history, of which there was only an odd first volume and he was anxious to get hold of the second. Another wanted a copy of Omar Khayyam and there were plenty of Dickens' enthusiasts. Some of these were discovering David Copperfield and Pickwick for the first time, and were wholly delighted with their find.

"I overtook a smart young soldier one afternoon," says Mr. Adeock, "and noticed a copy of Browning sticking from his pocket. He said he had read the whole of Keats and Shelley, but hadn't yet been able to get hold of Wordsworth or Francis Thompson." Many show a preference for all manner

of histories and biographies, and one sergeant ran off a score of memoirs he had read, and was then tackling Boswell. There is a surprising number of serious readers who ask for Carlyle and Emerson, for Ruskin, Lamb and Chesterton. Many study classes are formed—in the Ruhleben prison camp, for over a year and a half, some two hundred self-appointed lecturers and fifteen hundred students have organized nine different departments of study, and nine thousand books were forwarded to them within twelve months and, in addition, two thousand English and American magazines.

Camp concerts will be given with recitations and amateur theatricals. Single volumes of plays are very acceptable. An American ambulance man, writing from France, tells of seeing Yeats' "Playboy of the Western World" lying open on a chair, and speaks of weary hours beguiled with works of fancy and imagination, which carry the mind far from the terror and desolation of the present. He himself is deep in the study of French history. To how many is the history of Russia, France or Italy almost unknown? This war is going to enlarge our literary horizon, give us glimpses of spiritual frontiers, and make us acquainted with the literature of all the allied nations. Let us send plenty of translations of the most representative work of each; we are scarcely aware how rich is the store already available, nor how much is daily appearing. Modern manuals for learning languages will be eagerly sought and should be lavishly distributed, together with dictionaries and phrase books. "I can speak Russian pretty fair," wrote one Jack Tar, "but not in their grammar!"

Then there is unlimited scope and use for text books and advanced studies in military and naval science, in the newest developments of chemistry and technical arts. And in the arts of peace. One man wrote gratefully of a book on plumbing and gas fitting which had helped him to learn. For sheer contemporary interest good magazines have few rivals and subscriptions to these will be welcomed. Include some illustrated and some humorous periodicals. If everyday existence in khaki is drab, Life once a week will be frivolous, and cartoons are illuminating.

Men are drawn from all walks—trade and professional journals will not come amiss nor those devoted to poetry, music or art. There will be readers for all and the best is none too good. Send the men from Los Angeles the local papers and The Graphic, and ease that homesick feeling to which the bravest succumb at times.

But above all give quickly. Sacrifice some time and money, some volumes of your collection, to this cause. The public libraries of the United States have undertaken this work as a contribution to the general fund of usefulness and the public library of Los Angeles is ready to receive your donations and forward them, and will furnish suggestions for purchase or expend your money to the very best advantage. So weed your shelves, gather the best you have, and follow it up with more.

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NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Whereas, in a certain deed of trust, dated March 8, 1917, executed at Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, by S. Beck and Jessie Beck, his wife, both of said Los Angeles, parties of the first part and W. T. Carter, of said Los Angeles, party of the second part, and H. H. Blaustein, party of the third part, and recorded March 10, 1917, in book 6462, page 34, of Deeds, Records of Los Angeles County, State of California, to which record reference is hereby made; said parties of the first part, S. Beck and Jessie Beck, his wife, did grant and convey the premises therein described to W. T. Carter, as Trustee, for the uses and purposes set out in said trust deed, among other uses, to secure the payment of one certain promissory note and interest, according to the terms of said note, and other sums of money advanced, and interest thereon, the same being made duly payable to the order of H. H. Blaustein, party of the third part;

Whereas, there has been a default in the payment of the interest due and payable on said note, June 8, 1917, and all subsequent interest, there being an unpaid balance on the principal sum mentioned in said note of \$150.00, and by reason of said default, the said H. H. Blaustein, owner and holder of said note and trust deed has, in accordance with the provisions thereof, exercised his option and declared the full amount of the indebtedness immediately due and payable, there being the total sum of \$152.75 now due and unpaid;

Whereas, it is provided in said trust deed, that if there is a default in the payment of any of the principal, interest, or money advanced for any purpose, mentioned as secured by said trust deed, that upon application of the party of the third part or his assigns, party of the second part, shall give notice and sell the premises or as much thereof as shall be necessary to sell and pay the liability unpaid and secured by the said trust deed; Whereas, the said H. H. Blaustein, the holder of the note secured by said trust deed, by reason of the default, in payment as stated, has applied to and requested the said W. T. Carter, party of the second part, to proceed and sell the granted premises, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to sell, to pay the whole of the principal, interest, attorney's fees and all cost, charges and expenses incurred necessary to the execution of the said trust; and,

Whereas, the said W. T. Carter has demanded payment of the said S. Beck and Jessie Beck, his wife, the sum of \$152.75, which sum remains due and unpaid;

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that the said W. T. Carter, by virtue of the authority vested in him, as trustee, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, on the twenty-ninth day of September, 1917, at the hour of ten, forenoon, of said day, at the Western front entrance of the courthouse, in the city of and County of Los Angeles, State of California, all the interest conveyed by the parties of the first part to the party of the second part, by said trust deed, in and to all of the following described property, to-wit:

Lots Six (6), Seven (7), and Eight (8), Block 'L', of the Elia View tract, in the County of Los Angeles, and State of California, as per map recorded in Book 22, pages 81 and 82, Miscellaneous Records of said Los Angeles County, subject to all legal claims that stand against above mentioned and described property; reference being had to said records;

To pay the principal sum of said note, to-wit, the sum of \$150.00, and the interest thereon from the 8th day of March, 1917, expenses of such sale, compensation to Trustee as provided in said trust deed, the cost of advertising this notice by publication, the cost of sale under said notice and the passing of the title thereunder from said party of the second part as trustee to said party of the third part; amounting to the aggregate sum of \$213.75

In witness Whereof the said W. T. Carter has duly authorized this notice, this 31st day of August, 1917.

W. T. Carter,
Trustee.

W. F. P. Fogg,
Attorney for Trustee,
735 Title Ins. & Trust Bldg.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued from page 16)

plays up to. Their dialog is really not much more than a jumble of nothing, although there are luminous moments. A few clever things such as, "an old maid is a maid that's been made a long time", are the saving graces of the act, which should be either entirely rewritten or boiled down.

George White and Emma Haig are worthy of many laurels that have been heaped upon them. Their act is entirely different from that of last week, and, to our notion, is much improved.

The holdovers, including White and Haig, Bert Melrose, the inimitable and the three Jahns, speak for themselves. Each could well claim stellar honors, and none would be presumptuous in doing so. The Jahns, while first on the bill ought to be third or fourth, and deserve the highest possible praise for their offering, which is short, original, and snappy.

WEEK IN SOCIETY

Miss Alison McCall, daughter of Mr. Thomas McCall, of Santa Monica, and Lieutenant Donald H. Brown, of Minneapolis, were quietly married Thursday afternoon, August 23. The service was read in the lovely garden of the McCall residence, and was witnessed only by a few intimate friends. The bride was attired in her going-away frock of navy blue taffeta with hat to match. She carried a bouquet of creamy roses; and her only attendant was her youngest sister, Miss Grace McCall, who was maid of honor. Lieutenant Brown was attended by Mr. Gilbert Proctor, whose marriage to Miss Joan McCall, sister of the bride, was so recent an event. Following the ceremony, tea was served in the garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Braun, who with their charming daughter, Miss June Braun, have been enjoying a delightful sojourn at the Hotel, returned to Los Angeles Tuesday. Mrs. Braun and Miss June Braun, motored down ten days ago, and Mr. Braun joined them last Saturday for the week end. Mrs. Vernon Goodwin, and her two children, Barbara and Vernon Jr., are among those who have been enjoying a few weeks at Coronado. They were accompanied by Mrs. Goodwin's sister, Mrs. Julia D. Roberts; and Mr. Goodwin joined them Saturdays for the week end.

Colonel and Mrs. E. F. Holmes, of Pasadena and Salt Lake City, are staying at the Hotel Del Monte, and with them is their charming guest, Miss Adele Blood, of New York. Mrs. Holmes has many friends at Del Monte, and every evening is hostess at dinner for some of these. Miss Blood has admirably entered into the spirit there; and daily devotes her time religiously to golf, swimming, riding, and dancing.

Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner were week-end guests at Del Monte; and with them were Captain and Mrs. Robert L. Russell, U. S. N. and their daughter; all having motored down from San Francisco where the officers are at present stationed. Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, and their sons, George William Hearst and John Hearst, also motored down for the week end; as did Mrs. John Latham, of New York, and daughter. Mr. and Mrs.

Eric J. Williams, of Redlands, stopped there on their way from the North. The golfers are arriving too. Each day finds more enthusiasts added to the number. Mr. and Mrs. Redmayne, of Santa Monica, also Mrs. A. L. Roscoe, of Los Angeles, are among the guests registered there; and Mr. George Cline and Murray Vosburg, who are of the advanced guard of golfers from Los Angeles, have promised to make things hum. Mr. Ford Sterling is another enthusiast; and Mr. and Mrs. John Murray Marshall, as well. Those registered from Pasadena include Mrs. Robert J. Burdette; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Fertig, and their children; Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Smith and their daughter; Miss Ada Chamlin, and several others. From Los Angeles are Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Mullen, and Miss Katherine Mullen; Mrs. John T. Grill and Miss E. V. Grill; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Mullen, Dr. and Mrs. W. Gardener, and their daughter; and Mr. Lester Donahue.

Among those registered at the Stratford Inn at Del Mar on Saturday and Sunday were Major Charles H. Nichols, U. S. R., Major W. J. Baily, Major J. S. McKnight, of Keatny; and Lieutenant and Mrs. Edwin Turner. Lieut. and Mrs. Charles Givernaud arrived at the Stratford Inn recently. Mrs. Givernaud will remain indefinitely. Lieut. Givernaud is assigned to duty at Camp Kearny. Mr. Wm. E. Hampton, in charge of the construction of Camp Kearny, entertained with a dinner party of eight at the Inn on Sunday. Lieut. and Mrs. W. A. Williams were registered there over the week end. Lieut. William is assigned to duty at North Island.

THE EXPRESSION IDEAL

"Adequate education," says Miss Helen A. Brooks, joint director of Cumnock School, which has just rounded out its twenty-fifth year with the largest summer session on record, "adequate education cannot be confined to the classroom, or work with an eye solely to things of the intellect, leaving the emotions and spiritual sensibilities untouched and untrained.

"Adequate education is the training

of the whole person. It includes then an intellectual grasp of chosen fields of knowledge; a sound physical development to insure healthy and joyous living; and in addition the training and nourishing of the sense of beauty—that wonderful human capacity which is so near to being a sense of truth.

"This is the 'Expression Ideal.'"

Cumnock School of Expression was the first school in the west to be begun and continued under the "expression ideal." With major emphasis upon the study and interpretation of literature, the curriculum includes such subjects as voice and diction, dramatic art, aesthetic dancing, play producing, writing, music, art, story-telling, costume designing, and the like.

The Expression course is three years in length, and is designed to follow the high school course. The University of California, Stanford and eastern colleges allow material credit toward graduation to Cumnock graduates.

The yearly May festival, held on the beautiful lawns of the school, and the annual dramatic production—Euripedes' "Iphigenia," was given this year and "Trojan Woman" last—are perhaps the most artistic events of the kind in Southern California.

Cumnock also includes an academy, with a four years' preparatory course fully accredited to Stanford, California and eastern universities. In the academy and also in the junior school, which includes grammar and primary grades, the "Expression Ideal" predominates.

Cumnock a year ago moved into a large and modern building, on high ground above the Wilshire district, Los Angeles, and offers home and boarding facilities second to none. Day and special students are also accepted.

Of the Cumnock faculty, many teachers in dramatic reading, dancing, music and other lines are possessors of nationwide reputations, and several of the foremost are also alumnae of the school. The names of Mary Agnes Doyle, dramatic reader; Mrs. Joan V. Klawans, a sthetic dancer; Mr. Reginald Pole, master of stage craft; Miss Charlotte Brooks, pianist; are included.



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¶ The Government Aviation School on North Island is nearby, where flights may be witnessed daily, and nowhere in America can aviation be seen to such advantage.

¶ And just across the Bay is the City of San Diego, with the architecture of the late Exposition standing out against the blue sky.

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